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AFRICAN TRAGEDY
James Fairbairn
Trevor Huddleston

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Verwoerd's Doomsday Men

Last Wednesday's dawn arrest of more than 200 Africans, Asians, Europeans and Coloureds from political and religious bodies clearly reveals the intentions of the South African government in facing its crisis. Suppression of every form of opposition to *apartheid* is to be pursued with still greater intensity. This policy may possibly succeed for some time yet. So long as a government retains its monopoly of arms and sanctions and its united determination, it can probably contain revolution. Dr Verwoerd's ruthlessness was proved at Sharpeville. Tentative and early reports that the police were defending themselves from armed attack have been swept away by eye-witness accounts. James Fairbairn's article in this issue of the NEW STATESMAN leaves no doubt as to the brutal character of this police action.

The stimulation of the militant Pan-Africanists, coupled with anger following Sharpeville and Luthuli's public defiance in burning his pass, have sharpened African resistance out of all recognition. Yet the only hope of any early relief from the mounting tension, with its periodic blood-letting, has to be sought inside the white community. The gale of horror which has swept the world since Sharpeville has profoundly shaken South African white complacency. When the financiers in Zurich and Paris sell South African stock to such an extent that within a week the ratio of holdings between external and internal investors changes from 60:40 to 50:50, business doubts are added to political panic. It may be that these outside pressures will force South African politicians to plot the downfall of Dr Verwoerd.

A change of government which replaced the Nationalists with the United Party would make no difference to the fundamentals of the present situation, for the latter accept every basic principle of *apartheid*. But more likely than a United Party government is the replacement of Verwoerd, at the behest of mining and industrial interests by a coalition. This change would certainly never be brought about for the purpose of granting equal rights. Yet it would be a sign that European society, except for Dr Verwoerd's crazy band of Doomsday Men, recognised that the application of *apartheid* must soon lead to sanctions by the rest of the world which would eventually make white supremacy impossible. The fact that the Nationalist daily *Die Burger*, as well as a group of predikants from the Dutch Reformed Church, has virtually come to this conclusion is a straw in the wind.

In a slave society once concessions are begun they must start a chain reaction. They cannot be halted unless either further bloodshed is accepted or until complete equality of rights is won. The facts that during the past ten days more Africans have become politically conscious, that Sharpeville is likely to become South Africa's Amritsar, that – above all – an important section of white opinion may be beginning to lose its nerve, together create a crack in the racial dam of *apartheid*. It is a crack which may widen. If it does the sea of African liberation will pour through.

This potential situation lays a heavy responsibility on Britain. No longer is it possible to expect juridical arguments for not voting against South African racialism at the United Nations to be accepted in any part of Africa. No longer will Africa curb its hostility while Britain continues the imprisonment of Dr Banda and appears to preserve Sir Roy Welensky's particular brand of *apartheid* in the Federation. Yet the chance is now there in Tanganyika and Kenya, and the opportunity must be forged in Central Africa, to show not only that white and black can live together in peace, but that they can voluntarily co-operate in wielding power. When the day comes, as in time it will, when power even in South Africa passes to the African majority, the last chance of persuading Africans not to act with the same blind chauvinism as the Afrikaaners are manifesting today is that working models of genuine partnership and democracy shall already exist in other parts of Africa.

Comments on the Week's News

Success at Camp David

The violent antagonism of the Pentagon – also of many, though not all, British service chiefs – to any acceptance of the Russian nuclear test-ban proposal is the best measure of the success that Mr Macmillan and Mr Herter have jointly gained in resolving American policy in favour of a qualified acceptance of the Russian plan. The Camp David communiqué is a considerable advance and represents at least a tactical victory by the politicians over the Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission. Nevertheless it is too early to assume that it will lead to a quick agreement to end the tests. The western plan is in fact a counter-proposal, which differs in certain important respects from the Russian plan. Nevertheless the differences do not seem to be fundamental; and, if Mr Krushchev's desire to end tests is as serious as has been supposed and as he likes to claim, Camp David should mark the decisive point of break-through in the long negotiations. At best, however, some tough bargaining lies ahead. Negotiations on the differences which now exist between the two sides will still take some weeks more in the Nuclear Test Conference at Geneva. After that, the Summit meeting will presumably have to endorse the resulting draft agreement. And after that the actual treaty has to be both drafted and ratified. It may well be the end of the year before any agreement is formally in force.

A Step Forward in Kenya

The decision of Kenya's African elected members to accept office in the government is a tribute both to their own political sagacity and to that of the Governor. The Africans could not be expected to accept office under the Lennox-Boyd constitution which they have opposed since its inception; the Governor has therefore arranged for the new government to take a transitional form until the Macleod constitution comes into effect next year. This has provided an opportunity for the Africans to gain some experience of administration and to influence the important decisions to be taken by the government in connection with next year's elections and the new constitution. They have been wise to accept the insistence by Michael Blundell's New Kenya Group that Mr Amalemba, the Minister of Housing and a member of the Group, should retain his post in the meantime. Yet those African elected members who accept office will still be gambling on their political careers. It is much easier to gain popularity by criticising ministers than by taking up the burden of administration. New point is added to the leadership competition by the formation of a new African party, the Kenya African National Union. Among the spate of new organisations recently created in Kenya, this seems likeliest to have a lasting influence. It is significant that its first president is not one of the young African leaders who have recently been conducting the affairs of their people, but Mr James Gichuru, who preceded Jomo Kenyatta as president of the old Kenya African Union in pre-Mau Mau days. Mr Gichuru was freed from restrictions only in January. This is a sign of the re-emergence of older and more experienced African leaders at the expense of the younger set. It is also significant that the Kikuyu are re-asserting their claims to leadership. Amongst the recent leaders, the Luo tribe has predominated. The fact that Tom Mboya is a Luo, added to African opposition to the amount of personal publicity he has received overseas, explains his present loss of political prestige.

China and Nepal

The Chinese and Nepalese governments have agreed that their entire boundary of more than 500 miles 'shall be scientifically delineated and formally demarcated through friendly consultations, on the basis of the existing traditional customary line'. Chou En-lai and the Nepalese Prime Minister, B. P. Koirala, laid down in the agreement, signed in Peking last week that they would set up a joint committee to conduct a survey of the boundary, erect boundary markers and draft a Sino-Nepalese boundary treaty. Within 20 kilometres of the border, each country will maintain only administrative personnel and civil police. Just what this means in practice is not yet clear. A great deal of the frontier consists of high Himalayas, where the success of any boundary commission must depend on mutual trust and the absence of disputes. Unlike the problem with India, where Chinese troops have crossed over traditional lines, the Sino-Nepalese boundary may now be settled. Underlining China's present mood, Chou En-lai has arranged to go on to Nepal, after his talks in Delhi, and to discuss a treaty of peace and friendship along the lines of his recent agreement with Burma. China has agreed to give Nepal a free grant of aid of 100 million Indian rupees within a period of three years and to exchange embassies. By the exchange of envoys with China, Burma, Pakistan, and soon Australia, Kathmandu will have still further extended the opening up of the country the background to which is described by Kingsley Martin on another page.

A Step to Democracy

The fact that Basutoland in South-west Africa is a British colonial enclave surrounded by South African racialism gives last month's opening of the new and partly elected National Council a special significance. One of the dangers frequently quoted when British governments have been urged to stand up to the South Africans has been the possibility of reprisals against the High Commission Territories. Basutoland at present can live only if about 100,000 of its inhabitants find work in the South African mines and farms. The South Africans also give the Basuto special terms for maize purchase during years of shortage. It is obvious, therefore, that an angry South African government can seriously damage life in this British colony. On the other hand, both the mine owners and the farmers of South Africa are heavily dependent on the labour they secure from Basutoland and would not readily sacrifice it. Moreover, two of the main South African rivers rise in Basuto mountains, which gives the colony a strong hand over an important part of the South African economy. The installation of this new representative body is a welcome sign that South Africa's bluff is now being called. It is Congress that has won most of the elective seats. Congress has branches in the main South African industrial cities. A democratic form of representation in Basutoland is thus an important influence amongst Africans in the Union.

More at Work

The pressure of demand which threatens the balance of payments has had a welcome effect on the labour front. Unemployment has again fallen below the two per cent level and employment has risen to a record level. From the government's viewpoint, the more than proportionate decline in unemployment in the critical areas is especially important, since these were the areas where Labour scored its only victories in the last election. Scotland in particular shows an improvement from 4.7 to 4.3 per cent, and Wales from 3.3 to three per cent. The government's efforts to channel investment into these areas have scored a further gratifying success in the agreement with Fords to migrate to the north. Altogether the anti-public ownership campaign of the pre-election period contrasts strangely with the determined effort of the Conservatives to bend and force the price-mechanism to work as if there were public ownership. The theft of the Opposition's clothes is proceeding apace; and, if the Budget were now to introduce flexible and discriminating investment allowances, the Tories would have gone some way to bring off the political coup of leaving Labour with the doctrine of public ownership substantially discredited by the Clause Four debate, while themselves using public money to achieve some of the aims of public ownership, but without reducing the economic dominance of the existing closed circle of large-scale capitalists.

The Faces of Power

In his Fabian tract *The Irresponsible Society* (Fabian Society, 2*s* 6*d*) Professor Richard Titmuss casts a cold, even icy, eye on the shifts of power in Britain in the Fifties. Particularly is he concerned with the powers of the huge insurance companies which, in the past decade, have grown enormously. Within these bureaucracies, in the hands of a few men over whom no one can exercise control, crucial decisions of social policy are regularly taken, now about industrial investment, now about the various 'fringe benefits' which more than any other device preserve social inegality. (Of the directors' talk of democracy for shareholders, he quotes La Rochefoucauld's maxim: 'hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue'.) Professor Titmuss's aim is not simply invective. He is concerned with the 'fundamental problem of reinterpreting social equality and personal liberty in the conditions of a new age and a changed society'. The new faces power is assuming he sees as inimical to equality and liberty. While insurance companies grow richer, while 'fringe benefits' lead to differential advantages, the public services and social amenities attract a smaller proportion of funds. Public welfare comes to be seen as a burden on a free enterprise society. The dangers to liberty, to the freedom to move jobs, to the freedom to speak out for fear of losing the blessings of the 'fringe benefit' are clear. Professor Titmuss is preparing a larger work on this subject: meanwhile this tract is a valuable step towards rousing the country to what is happening beneath the skin of affluence.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Two Gaullists

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last weekend in Marseilles the first stage of Mr Krushchev's visit to France was concluded. He had shaken an unnumbered crowd of official hands; he had listened to a great many speeches; and he had sampled an alarming quantity and variety of the French cuisine. But he had had very little chance to make contact with the crowds who had gathered with their red flags and *tricolores* to greet him. Some militant Communists, indeed, who wasted hours hanging about outside the City Hall in Paris didn't conceal their sense of let-down at the apparent indifference of the 'disciple of Lenin', who couldn't be bothered even to show himself for a minute on the balcony to acknowledge their ovation. At Bordeaux, Nimes and Arles, his attitude gave cause in a sense for even greater resentment, since the Communist Party had brought in the faithful from all the surrounding districts, and some people had travelled hundreds of kilometres for the satisfaction of catching a bare glimpse, over the tightly packed ranks of policemen, of the Red leader's bald head. Still it would be unfair to blame Krushchev for this state of affairs. The programme planned for him contained so many official engagements each day that he has had scarcely a moment to look around him.

The fact remains that in no other western country has Krushchev been acclaimed as he has in France. There is no doubt of the thorough job the Communist Party has done in mobilising its support. Everywhere on the official route, Communists and fellow-travellers have turned up in huge and well-organised crowds. Of course, a certain number of inquisitive non-political citizens have swelled the crowds, but the core has been composed of flag-waving Communists, operating according to party instructions. Thus the first stage of the visit could at first sight be described as a clear success for the Communist Party. Maurice Thorez has succeeded in proving both to his Soviet friends and to the chiefs of the Fifth Republic that his party represents a permanent and considerable political force. Unluckily for the Communists, the man who gave them the occasion for this formidable demonstration is not a mere tourist or a passive spectator. He has been talking; and his speeches have given more practical comfort to de Gaulle than to Thorez. Vague phrases about the sacred cause of Communism have not been adequate to counterbalance the flood of eulogy on the merits, past, present and future, of President de Gaulle. In French eyes, Krushchev has allowed himself to appear first and foremost as a Gaullist of the left – occasionally even as a simple, unqualified Gaullist. It is difficult therefore to see how the extreme Left can feel particularly strengthened by the visit of such a distinguished ally who has plumped himself firmly in the government camp.

I shall be told that this contradiction was inevitable from the moment Krushchev accepted, in his capacity as prime minister, the invitation of the French Head of State. But that is a half truth. Ever since he arrived at Orly, Krushchev has deliberately chosen the tactic of flattering de Gaulle. He has not missed a chance to express his regard for the General's courage during the war, for his patriotism, for his outstanding character and for his prestige in the Soviet Union. I followed his tour in the United States as well as in France and I can certify that Krushchev did not go a tenth of the way in praising Eisenhower that he has gone in flattering de Gaulle. From the point of view of Soviet diplomacy, this tactic is no doubt justified. During his lunch with the diplomatic press in Paris, Krushchev declared: 'I have some familiarity with the *Memoirs* of General de Gaulle'. This explains a lot. It has enabled him to understand de Gaulle's pre-occupation at all times with wiping out all trace the defeat of 1940 and with gaining for his country the status of a world power. Krushchev has fastened on all de Gaulle's mistrust and resentment towards the Anglo-Saxon powers and has exploited them brilliantly. Official visitors to France from Britain and America have never spoken as warmly or as frequently about the sacrifices made by France in the Second World War. Neither Eisenhower or Macmillan has ever affirmed as often that, next to Russia, France is the 'greatest power on the continent of Europe'. Moreover, Krushchev has been the first to announce that he is ready to discuss nuclear problems with France on precisely the same terms as with Britain and America. It is not perhaps surprising that he has made a marked impression on his host and that their time together has started with a degree of amiability which nobody could have foreseen.

De Gaulle for his part has not lagged behind; and all of us who have been watching him have been pleasantly surprised by the finesse of his diplomatic approach. Who could have imagined that the General, an anti-Communist if ever there was one, would go so far as to invoke, during the course of a toast, Henri Barbusse, the French Communist writer and pacifist, at whose funeral in Moscow in 1935 Krushchev had been one of the official mourners? To sum up: the two men have both decided to make every possible concession in form and manner before getting down to the serious private talks now going on at Rambouillet.

Moscow

They Serve the Soviet Union

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: A 700-page piece of pen homage to Mr Krushchev has reached the last round in the annual Lenin prize contest. Its chances of success, never seriously in doubt, have been further improved by a decision of the Central Committee of the CPSU, of which Mr Krushchev is the First Secretary, and of the Council of Ministers, of which he is the chairman, creating a special category for 'outstanding works in journalism'.

Face to Face with America, which is at present being translated into English by a 'shock brigade' of translators in Moscow, is the joint work of the team which accompanied the Soviet premier to the United States and, somewhat reduced in number, to South-East Asia. It is headed by Leonid Ilyichov, a former editor of both *Izvestia* and *Pravda* and now head of the *Agitprop* department of the Central Committee (when he went to India he was discreetly listed as a social worker), and includes such prominent members of the establishment as Yuri Zhukov, chairman of the State Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Lands, Adzhubei, Mr Krushchev's son-in-law who edits *Izvestia*, and the present editor of *Pravda*, Satiukov.

None of these or of the other eight co-authors of *Face to Face with America* are regular members of the Soviet Writers' Union; and the entering of the book in the category of literature was, to say the least, surprising in a land where rules are made to be kept. Among the books competing with it was Mikhail Sholokhov's *Virgin Soil Upturned*. Just how the jury would have ruled is anybody's guess. In the past its resistance to pressure groups was one of the most hopeful and healthy signs of the growth of intellectual independence and integrity. However, the Central Committee has stepped in at a timely moment. The judges can with clear consciences vote on the book as an 'outstanding work in journalism'. There are no other entries in that category.

Face to Face with America is an authoritative example of 'new journalism' which is being advocated here at a time when the party itself is frankly expressing its disapproval of the way news is being presented in the press and by radio and television. The new elements in it, however, enhance rather than subtract from its effectiveness as propaganda. Although *Face to Face with America* possesses features that are novel to the Soviet reader (we read, for instance, of the 'Krushchevian smile' which is 'broad, open and contagious', of the Soviet Premier's 'kind, attentive, intelligent' eyes, and even the colour of his light-weight suit is referred to), the entire book is subordinated to the idea of presenting the 'historic' trip to America as a triumph for Mr Krushchev.

The rescue of four Russian soldiers adrift in the north Pacific by the American aircraft carrier *Kearsarge* has provided another example of the 'new journalism' at work. The story of these young men's ordeal was a remarkable one and as told straight by *Pravda's* New York correspondent made vivid, exciting reading. For once *Pravda's* front page carried a human story. Within a day, however, the propaganda potentialities of the story were being skilfully exploited, to the advantage, it is true, of Soviet-American relations, but also of the Soviet way of life. This, for instance, is the way *Pravda's* correspondent described the moment when the four heroes received a telegram from Krushchev: 'The emotion of the soldiers on reading this telegram beggars all description. The hands of Philip Poplavsky who was standing as if in military formation slightly shook; tawny Anatoli Khryuchkovsky grew pale; Askhat Ziganshin lowered his head to conceal his tears. Silence reigned for a moment . . . then one of them recovered and clicking his heels smartly said: "Comrades, we serve the Soviet Union!" And all four, standing to attention, loudly repeated with voices faltering with emotion: "We serve the Soviet Union!".'

Their words are applicable to Soviet journalists too, whether of the old or the new school.

NEXT WEEK

The Budget Analysed

A Talk with the Dalai Lama
by KINGSLEY MARTIN

Veblen Reassessed
by DAVID RIESMAN

Geneva

Le Congrés Ne Marche Pas, Il Se Déjeune

Hugh Thomas writes: The restaurant of the Palais des Nations faces the Lake of Geneva. At a window-table, Charles Stelle, chief adviser of the US disarmament delegation was last Thursday lunching with Mr Roschin, his Soviet opposite number. The Russian paid the bill.

One need not read too much into this by no means isolated meeting. For indeed the five leading US representatives lunched with five of their Russian colleagues the next day. But these social exchanges are typical of the present stage of this conference. Both sides, the Russians as well as the West, are probing to try and see, beneath the jargon, the real fears and intentions of the other.

The conference itself is still discussing two 'absolute' plans. And one must expect that so long as the Russians advocate total disarmament in four years, the West will continue to insist on absolutely watertight control, and *vice versa.* But the erosion of the extremes has already begun. The Russians mention the actual phrase 'general and complete disarmament' much less than they did. One gets the impression too that the West will not really insist on 100 per cent effective control of every reduction once it is admitted that total disarmament cannot, in practice, be carried out within four years: a slight margin of error would naturally be acceptable provided the total security of the West was not risked by the total abolition of all weapons.

Meantime, the different delegations are each assuming a definite identity. The rôle of Mr Ormsby-Gore, the British representative, is that of an able advocate who makes the best possible case out of the instructions of his client – in this instance that wayward plaintiff, the western alliance. The US delegation is led by Mr Frederick Eaton, who is comparatively new to politics and is himself a lawyer. He shows an obvious desire to keep the conference going happily and decently without at the moment taking any sensational step. Later on the moderating forces in the State Department may be able to point to the very continued existence of the conference as a limited success of its own, and so extract a concession or two from the nuclear pirates of the Pentagon.

As for the east Europeans and Russians, never since 1945 have they been so obviously anxious to please, in manner if not as yet in matter, as at this conference. Surely they have been instructed, for one reason or another, to bring home some success. I went to see Mr Zorin the other day. In the grounds of the Soviet villa, a group of Russian children were playing ring-a-ring-a-roses. On the verandah, sleepy diplomats were chatting inconsequently in the sun, like characters from Turgenev. Hastily (and not too late, I hope) I recalled General Norstad's injunction: 'we mustn't be deceived into lowering our guard'.

One cannot, alas, be enthusiastic about the attitude here of France. Led as ever by the indomitable Jules Moch, the French instructions from the Emperor are clearly inflexible, quarrelsome and grand. One can only sympathise with Monsieur Moch in having to carry out instructions which must be so foreign to his own inclinations and to his own fine past record in these negotiations. The French behaviour is similar in effect, though directly contrary in cause, to that of the Italians. For it was the leader of the Italian delegation here, Signor Martino, who when Foreign Minister first voiced in 1955 Italy's 'profound preoccupation with disarmament'. Thus he has a personal interest in pressing himself forward, as he does at the moment, rather more often than is warranted.

Westminster

The Unread Document

Mr Hugh Gaitskell called his front-bench speakers together this week to discuss how Labour's attack could be sharpened in the House of Commons; and subsequently he repeated his pep talk to the whole parliamentary party. No doubt these talks were timely. Better attendance in debates, more effective use of question time, closer cooperation between front and back benches could help to recreate an Opposition, whose sole occupation in recent months has been the angry contemplation of its navel. But some of his followers feel that these things would all happen without the stimulus of pep talks if Gaitskell himself would set out to be less the leader of a group trying to impose a particular view and more the leader of the party trying to bring varying views together at the point of maximum agreement. His failure to achieve, or even apparently to seek, leadership of this kind is blamed for much of the apathy and indecision which the Opposition has shown in the House since the election.

There is need, too, for a great improvement in the mechanics as well as in the spirit of leadership, as was shown by a rather melancholy series of incidents which culminated last Friday. Mr Tom Driberg had come up in the draw for private members motions and had at once announced that he would call attention to the government's plan for an early-warning station at Fylindales and move a resolution. He then drafted a skilfully worded resolution designed to attract support from both the unilateral disarmers and the nuclear strategy supporters. A debate on this motion could have put the government in an awkward spot; but did it?

Although this was a private member's motion and not, therefore, the direct concern of the party, Driberg proceeded with elaborate correctness. Before putting his motion on the order paper he showed it to Mr Geoffrey de Freitas, the party's official spokesman on air defence. De Freitas approved it. Driberg then mentioned it both to Mr George Brown, the party's defence spokesman, and to Mr Herbert Bowden, the Chief Whip. It does not appear that either read it there and then, but were content to learn that de Freitas had seen and, supposedly, accepted it. Driberg then put the motion on the order paper for all to see and subsequently was allowed to make a short statement on it at the party meeting and to insert an appeal for support in the official whip. So far, so good.

Some days later, however, some member of the Parliamentary Committee appears to have read, or re-read, the motion and found in it subtleties which had not been apparent to the naked eye. He decided to press his fellow members to withdraw support, a fact which was well publicised by a leak to the *Daily Mirror* before they had even met. The Committee's subsequent agreement to withdraw support was further publicised by another leak to the *Daily Herald*. So there Driberg was. He had put his motion down with official approval, he had canvassed for support with official backing and then, the day before the debate, he found this approval withdrawn and the papers giving space to stories of a further party split. What was he expected to do? Withdraw his motion? Vote against it? Naturally enough he went ahead with it but with a speech so moderately phrased that those who do not agree with his unilateralist views could still support him.

Unhappily Mr George Brown gave official guidance in a speech where vigour far outran tact; and though government supporters were denied the pleasure of watching Labour members vote against each other on an amendment moved by Mr Carol Johnson, they once again were able to sit back in rising merriment as the Opposition tore each other to pieces. It may well be that Brown, with the honesty which is one of his great qualities, deliberately broke through the façade of unity which Driberg had constructed. He may genuinely believe that it is better to underline differences so that they may be seen, understood and, perhaps, the more quickly resolved rather than to gloss over them to gain temporary tactical advantage over the government. This, if not necessarily wise, is understandable. What is neither wise nor understandable, what in fact seems like plain incompetence, is that the leadership should first blow hot and then blow cold while someone makes sure that the newspapers are present to witness each change of temperature. As a contribution to the well-being of the party, the leadership might in future decide to make up its mind and stick to it. It might also decide to read the relevant documents.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

One Voice

Not for a long time has there been such passion and unanimity in the British press. Only the *Daily Express* has found it difficult to bring itself to the point of actually condemning the South African government. The morning after the first terrible reports of the Sharpeville massacre it was content to remark piously that the British example on the African continent was 'never more necessary than it is today' and to list Sharpeville as simply one among 'other ugly incidents'.

Otherwise the entire national press from the *Guardian* to the *Daily Sketch*, from the *Sunday Times* to the *People* has spoken out with the same voice. Even *The Times*, to whose curious inhibitions about South Africa I have previously drawn attention, after a comparatively mild leader on the morning of the news of the massacre, had reached the stage by Saturday of declaring: 'No escape into illusion is left to white South Africa. The industrial revolution in the Union has now had its Peterloo'. It went on to denounce 'the blind obstinacy' and 'suicidal policy' of Dr Verwoerd and his colleagues, roundly stated 'there are no signs that the present government in the Union is prepared . . . to learn the obvious lesson of recent events. On the contrary its appetite for repressive action seems to be growing.' It summed up: 'The immediate future is an open race between the exponents of a now manifestly bankrupt policy and those who would save the Union from its consequences.' Not that the friends of the South African government in *The Times* office have been entirely routed. They had their day on the preceding Wednesday in an astonishingly bitter and intemperate attack on the Labour Party and all others daring to ask that Britain should make plain its horror at what had happened and at the policies that have led up to it. This amazing outburst opened with the words: 'Smugness, thick as the fat on a turtle, envelopes the most irresponsible critics of the present South African government; and went on to denounce Mr Gaitskell and Mr Callaghan for their speeches in the House in terms *The Times* rarely permits itself even under the stress of strong emotion. One can only hope that the writer had regained sufficient control of himself to read Saturday's leader.

Any solace South Africa House may have drawn from Wednesday's *Times* must have been dispersed long before Saturday by the reaction of the *Mail* and *Telegraph*, which in a series of admirable leading articles that hammered home day after day the extent of the crime and the responsibility left no room for doubt in anyone's mind that right and left opinion in Britain are united in their condemnation of the South African government. 'The British people', declared the *Mail*, 'are appalled by the massacre at Sharpeville . . . How it began is not yet clear nor does that matter much. What does matter are the underlying causes. The shooting down of 50 or 60 black Africans is the greatest indictment yet of the racial policies of the Nationalist government. . . . a community held together by violence must be expected to explode in murder, riot and sudden death'. And on Monday, welcoming the suspension of the pass system and the appointment of special judicial inquiries it declared: 'They are the admissions of a guilty conscience – and as always under tyrannical rule they have had to be made in the worst possible circumstances for the Government'. It urged the South African government not to underestimate 'the world wide chorus of censure they have aroused.' Although feeling it necessary to do its party duty by suggesting that only Mr Macmillan knows how to deal with South Africa, the *Telegraph* was hardly less forthright. What had to be faced it said was 'the tragic circumstances that when the South African police deal with native rioters they cease to be police and think of themselves as soldiers engaged in a civil war.' And although on the day after the massacre it was still welcoming Dr Verwoerd's announcement that he intended to come to the Commonwealth Prime Minister's conference in London, by Monday of this week it declared bluntly: 'Dr Verwoerd, the architect and prime ideologue of extreme apartheid, should surely now resign', and continued: 'It cannot be denied that it would assist good relations within the Commonwealth if some other prime minister represented the Union . . . .'

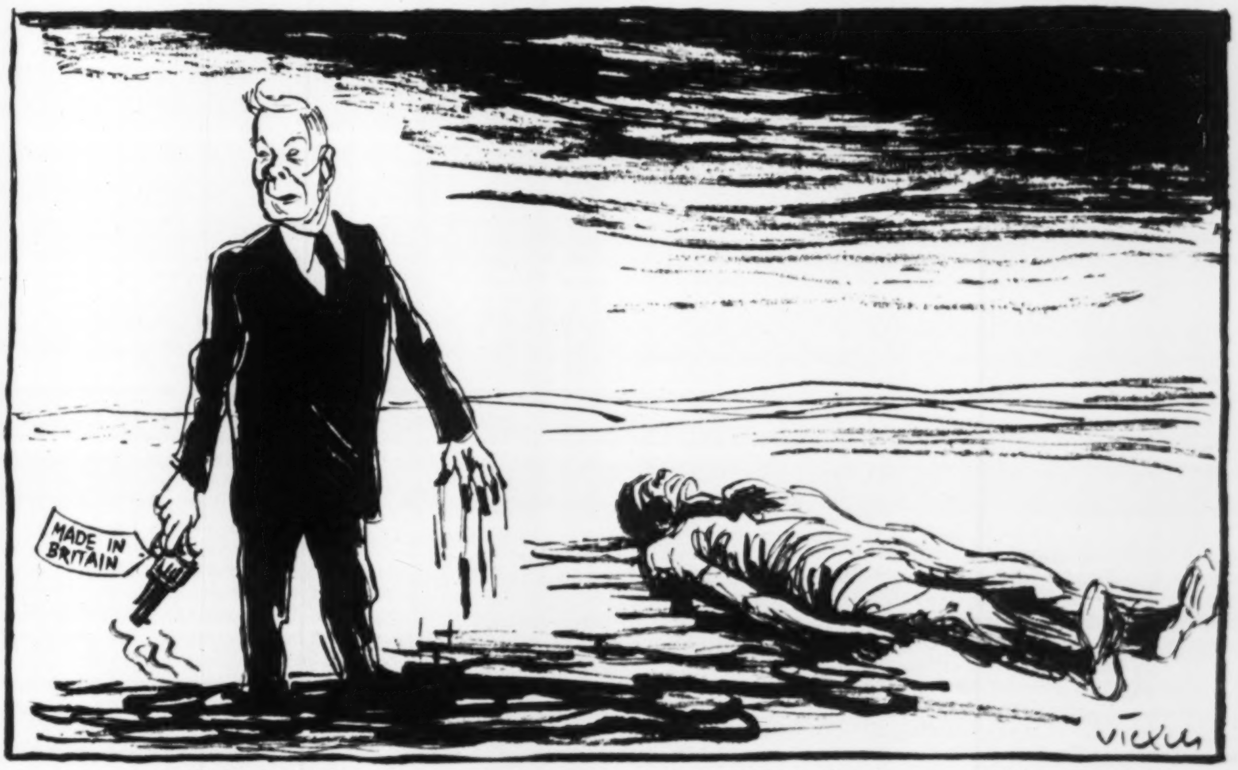
The initial failure of the British government to react immediately and, when it did so belatedly, to do so mildly, brought anger right through last week's press from the *Guardian* to the *Sketch*. The *Herald*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Mirror* drove home day by day the lesson that Britain and the British people must force South Africa to realise how their government looks in the eyes of the world. Rising to a great occasion as it still so often does the *Mirror* forced the facts of what has happened home to its readers by reprinting again on Thursday, this time right across the whole of the front and back page, the picture of the massacre which it and all other papers had published when the news first came: 'The Picture That Shocked The World'. And over the whole of its centre pages it asked: 'Why does Mr Macmillan not speak out . . . Must the voice of humanity be left to the Americans, the Indians, the Labour movement and a bunch of young people in the sunshine in Trafalgar Square?' Let us hope South Africa House, looking out of the windows at the demonstrations in the Square, and inside at the newspapers on the table, has not been afraid to tell Dr Verwoerd and his colleagues what the British press and people feel about them.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The African Tragedy

FOR the first time in the history of South Africa white Liberals, not connected with or remotely sympathetic to the classical Left, have been arrested and charged for alleged offences, which amount to their attempts to work with the Africans. The Nationalist government, despite its propagandist gesture of announcing the suspension of the pass-laws, has utterly refused to recognise the mood of the African people. The 90,000 Africans of the Cape Peninsular have banded themselves into the most militant force the Union has ever known. Cape Town has been without African labour since 21 March, and only the existence of the large Cape Coloured labour force has prevented total breakdown.

The national day of mourning last Monday was the nearest thing to a national African strike which has yet occurred; and the Natal Indians lent solid support to it. The possibility clearly existed in the government's mind that the African National Congress, on the point of being banned, would call for a series of further short strikes; in any case the continuing strike in the Cape Peninsular, affecting above all the docks, had to be broken. The first mass arrests of members of the Congress and their allied supporters, though handled in a typical haphazard and inconsistent way, has eliminated most of the leaders. The extension of the arrests to the white leaders of the Liberal Party opens a new vista, the end of which cannot yet be seen. It makes sense only on the assumption that the government wants to frighten and silence any white Liberal who would be likely to protest against a campaign to drive the Cape Africans back to work by force or to teach them a bloody lesson.



'I urge South African whites not to allow themselves to become prejudiced against Africans or harbour feelings of enmity against them as a result of recent disturbances.'—Dr Verwoerd, 26 March

The government, by suspending all judicial processes under the Public Safety Act, has unlimited power to govern by decree. By invoking this measure, those Liberals and members of the congresses still out of jail are faced with penalties so severe that it is hoped to paralyse them also. The Nationalists' desperate actions, however, show how weak is their fundamental hold on the country – especially when faced with the possibility of international economic sanctions arising from Security Council action. Yet, caught in the mystique of their own perverse fundamentalism, Dr Vorwoerd and his racial fanatics are now prepared to govern solely by armed force. Their hand has of course been strengthened internally by the United Party's support for the special bill banning the congresses.

Immediately after the killings of 21 March judicial inquiries were set up into the Sharpeville and Langa disturbances. Later the Bishop of Johannesburg as chairman of a consultative committee of 14 organisations, including the African National Congress and the Liberal Party, announced that he would submit 100 sworn affidavits by the wounded of Sharpeville alleging, in effect, deliberate murder by the police. All such inconvenient considerations of evidence have now in official eyes become irrelevant. Indeed the South African press has deliberately refused to report the true state of affairs in the country this past ten days. The so-called anti-Nationalist English language press, which in the shadow of the South African Foundation provides most of England's news, has gone even further in this than some of the Afrikaans language papers.

First, the actual happenings at Sharpeville – for the truth must be established now, if ever: the Bishop of Johannesburg, in pursuit of the facts, has had teams of lawyers taking affidavits from the Sharpeville wounded, now lying under armed police guard in Baragwanath hospital near Johannesburg. Critically ill and separated in several wards, they could not possibly have agreed in advance on a story. Yet their affidavits are, according to Bishop Reeves, practically unanimous – and they tally in every important detail with the report written after the killings by the only reporter – a senior and responsible white man – to have been an eye-witness. This is the story from these sources.

The crowd numbered at most 5,000, and not 20,000 as the police claim. It was unarmed and at no time threatening. No order to disperse was given by the police, and no tear gas was used. When the head of the political police tried to arrest an African at the gate of the fenced-in police station, women in the crowd set up a jeering ululation, and a few stones – the word 'few' is important – were thrown. At the same time a single shot was heard from another part of the township. The police, acting in unison, raised their weapons, and aimed; an African constable inside the police station rushed for the fence screaming 'They are going to shoot'; and the police, in unison, fired for some two minutes into the black throng. The overwhelming proportion of the wounded were shot in the back, and it is believed that post mortems show the same to be the case with the dead. The field of slaughter was littered with hats, shoes and a few stones, not with dropped weapons. Children were amongst those killed and wounded.

Little of this became known, but the killings did. At Langa, in Cape Town, the casualties were far, far less, but eye-witness accounts speak of a similar absence of attempts to disperse the crowd with tear-gas.

What the South African press took the greatest pains to minimise was the subsequent refusal of Africans in Cape Town and Sharpeville – Vereeniging to go to work. Vereeniging, less than 100 miles from Johannesburg, is the heart of an engineering industrial complex exceeding the largest city in national importance. It draws its labour from Sharpeville and Evaton 'locations', and it has remained almost wholly paralysed. Only those firms housing their labour in company-controlled 'compounds' achieved anywhere near normal production. As for Cape Town, it has witnessed scenes unparalleled in this home-town of Cape liberalism.

The city's African workers are preponderantly housed in two townships, Langa and Nyanga. In both, Africans have refused to go to work for two weeks, but with this difference. In Langa, which houses some 20,000, and where the shootings took place, the police last week conducted a sustained terror campaign to force Africans out of their houses and into the city to work. They substantially failed, but inflicted much suffering. The police have not, as I write, tried to tackle Nyanga. Industry, commerce, milk, bread and newspaper deliveries and, most important, the dock work in which Coloured people play hardly any role, have been disrupted. Those who have visited this traditional backwater of white racialism, this mellow mother city, will know what it means that large numbers of white people have rushed off to buy firearms. On Thursday of last week, several hundred Africans defied the countrywide ban on meetings, walked in ones and two to the central Caledon police station, gathered there and demanded to be arrested for not having passes. The police refused, and eventually persuaded them to disperse. Cape Town, South Africa's oldest city, is seeing some new sights.

The call for peaceful anti-pass demonstrations went out from the chauvinistic and hitherto insignificant Pan Africanist Congress. When it led to the police mass-killings, the African National Congress, had to act. That was when its president, the banned chief Albert Luthuli, called for a national day of mourning, in effect a strike, for last Monday. The Pan-Africanists backed the call. The government then announced that it would rush its legislation through parliament to ban the ANC, its allied Congresses, the PAC and other groups. World condemnation flowed in. The ever canny Swiss started to sell their South African stocks, America unprecedentedly spoke out, the stock exchange shed tens of millions of pounds, industrialists were worried stiff, and the Security Council of the UN prepared to discuss the killings.

That is the background against which the avowedly temporary suspension of the pass laws must be seen. There were several clear intentions behind it: to confuse Africans on the eve of the one-day national strike; to blunt the reaction to the banning of all African political organisation, which is intended to leave Africans without an organisation to canalise their new militancy; and to confuse overseas criticism and especially the Security Council debate. Economic sanctions are not a pleasant possibility, however remote.

With the crisis moving to its climax the African National Congress had clearly to retain the leadership of the African masses which the dissident Pan-Africanist Congress was publicly challenging. The PAC leaders were in jail. Chief Luthuli, brought to Pretoria from banishment in Natal to testify at the treason trial, used this providential opportunity to harness the ever recurrent dream of all Africans – the burning of the passes. He burnt his own before newspaper photographers, and issued a call to all Africans to follow him – a call which no newspaper dared publish. His secretary general, Advocate Duma Nokwe, appealed to the United Nations and the outside world for action if the ban was implemented. The young men of the PAC promised to stay home for ever.

Horrified, shocked and impotent, liberal whites could only protest vocally, except that the Liberal party distributed food to dependants of the dead and injured, and Pietermaritzburg students stayed at home for the African day of mourning. Aggressive and confused, most of the Afrikaans press assured whites of their safety. The English press, haunted by possible accusations of disloyalty, muffled its own voice. Energetic white men-in-the-street bought arms and some formed private defence groups. The rest of the whites seem singularly unconcerned – they will never know what hit them. The government moves its troops and bombs up its planes. It is ready to rule by Saracens. But South Africa can never be the same again.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Johannesburg, Wednesday

The Morning-After Budget

RETROSPECTIVELY the timing of the last election appears to have been even more brilliant than was perceived at the time. It came in the only six months or so of the last five years in which production was expanding really fast – at the rate of ten per cent per annum, or four times our average rate of expansion – and in which earnings were also expanding fast while prices still stood still. A large increase in real purchasing power was thus assured. Now we are back again in the old rut, having to see what and where to restrict in order to be able to maintain domestic and foreign balance. While our international payments are not yet in a dangerous state of disarray, there has undoubtedly been an alarming deterioration. A deficit has appeared even in the current account. This is worse than in the so-called 'crisis' of 1957, which was entirely psychological in character.

This worsening was mainly due to a sharp increase in imports not paralleled by an expansion of exports. It is as yet impossible to say whether this will ease as imports subside, since we do not know whether or not the reason for the increase in imports is mainly because of an increase in stocks (which would be only a temporary strain). The economy is once again becoming strained – though industrial production is still only seven per cent above the 1957 peak. Despite favourable conditions abroad, our exports have not increased anywhere near as fast as those of our competitors. This was not apparently due to high prices, but to lack of productive capacity: our delivery dates have dangerously lengthened. Thus our trade position has once more become incompatible with our ambitious programme of foreign investment and aid which has allowed us to cut such a splendid figure again in the last few years. In this respect we are also back in the old dilemma.

If next week's Budget were to be framed on solid, long-term views, it would certainly not be a very palatable one. Government expenditure, which Mr Macmillan promised to cut back, is sharply up. There is no likelihood that an improvement in the terms of trade will again provide a windfall. With consumers' demand rising and the wages-front in full advance, there is insufficient reserve to accommodate the further rise in investment, especially in manufacturing investment. The parallel to 1955 is uncomfortably close. Yet the problem is essentially simple. It is only the implementation of an obvious solution which appears to be difficult – and that because the government has abolished the controls which are necessary for it.

We must increase our investment, especially in our heavy basic industries. If we could devote some six to eight per cent more of our national income to investment we should be safe. This does not represent more than two or three years' average increase in income. Once we had accomplished this transition we could reasonably hope that our growth would accelerate and our savings rise. We could thus increase both investment *and* consumption and face any adverse foreign development with some equanimity. If a really drastic cut could be administered to our arms programme, and especially to its 'deterrent' part, all would be easy. As in 1951 we have there – if only we used it – precious productive capacity of the kind most sought after.

If, however, we choose to hang on to the deterrent some restriction elsewhere will be inevitable. This restriction ought mostly to fall on the motor-car industry, which is trying to expand at a rate out of harmony with even the rosiest expectations of long term prosperity both in this country and in those other countries to which we sell and who will increasingly rely on their own production for the satisfaction of their rising demand. Three million cars a year – the output capacity apparently aimed at – represents roughly half the American output of a very good year. With a population one-third that of America and with national income about an eighth, this seems to be wildly optimistic. If then any damping down is needed it is certainly in motor-cars that it should take place, especially so since cars require sheet steel and other raw materials which come from abroad. Unfortunately the Treasury and the Board of Trade, so far from damping the motor-car industry down, has with some difficulty just succeeded in persuading it to act as the most important factor in mitigating local unemployment. Still something will have to be done in order to avoid a repetition of 1955/7.

If then the durable consumer goods boom could be mitigated, essential budgetary relief could be provided for our inadequate heavy industries on a sufficient scale to ensure an immediate acceleration of expansion, and special budgetary facilities could be given to encourage the modernisation of plant so as to increase productivity. An employment tax favouring economy in the use of manpower would be a complementary measure. This stimulus would prevent any slowing down in the durable consumer goods industries from having a deleterious effect on overall economic activity and the general employment situation. In this way we could reshape the pattern of productive effort to allow us slightly greater leeway and a faster rate of advance. Once this transition is accomplished the time will be ripe to resume the expansion in consumption.

This reshaping of our productive pattern is the more urgently needed as the present West German policy aimed at maintaining price stability by generally restrictive measures is likely further to increase German competitiveness. If the brakes are not put on in Britain, either immediately or at any rate some time this year, the increase in German competitiveness based on high investment, together with a general domestic expansion in this country, might easily lead to so severe a strain on our balance of payments as to necessitate, at the end of this year or perhaps at the beginning of next, a monetary jerk of the 1957 character. Unfortunately neither the government nor the official Opposition has fully recognised the absolute priority which must be given to high investment if we are ever to free ourselves from the spiral of restriction and shortage of productive power.

The British government has therefore an almost overwhelming interest in the success of the Summit conference and of disarmament, which could permit them a switch to investment coupled with an overall reduction in demand. But, for the Chancellor, budgeting under these conditions poses some very awkward questions. While it is clear that we are nearing the ceiling of our boom, it is very difficult to say exactly how near we are. Our national income and output figures do not harmonise, and it is impossible to predict with any assurance the exact degree of restraint that seems required. Nor would the Chancellor be in a much better position if he could exactly calculate his position; for the budget and the monetary bludgeon are weapons far too blunt to permit a neat balancing of the nation's economic (as against purely financial) accounts. Thus he will have to take a rather more cautious line even at the risk of putting on the brakes too soon.

Mr Heathcoat Amory's task is aggravated by the awkward problems which always arise when a boom nears its ceiling. The basic volatility of private investment has now reasserted itself after the years of stable expansion; and it is possible that in their efforts to apply the brake, the government will put their foot down too hard – as has always happened hitherto when they have tried to operate with such blind instruments. Indeed the *Economist* has already tried to assert that everyone is 'naive' who does not think that the effectiveness of monetary policy depends on creating as much uncertainty and despondency as possible. How this can be reconciled with its earlier claims about the subtle and optimal readjustments gently enforced by the perfections of the price mechanism is another question.

The international setting in which these adjustments must take place is as unpropitious as can be imagined. Progress in Germany and France has once more accelerated, and investment is now running at some 20 per cent above last year, with total production up just under 15 per cent – as against our own seven per cent. Altogether the rapidity with which Britain's relative position is declining is only too painfully obvious.

Even more obvious and dangerous is the eclipse relative to the Russians. Their investment has been accelerated; and the present reduction of their conventional forces, and the freeing of vast capacities of electronic production because of the completion of their rocket programme, is transforming the vista of productivity in a frightening manner. The American official estimates by Mr Allen Dulles that Soviet productivity is increasing at ten per cent per annum are more than 50 per cent above the estimates which were put before a Congressional Committee by private researchers only last autumn. At this rate Russian output per head is likely to surpass the British within the next few years. Given a tremendously fast increase in their industrial, as against their agricultural, productivity, and given the relative sluggishness of our own economy, it seems hardly likely that the Russians will long refrain from competing directly with us in third markets. The sugar and coffee deals recently in South America are a warning which ought not to be disregarded as at present they tend to be in this country. It will be exceedingly difficult to readjust our productive structure within a short time if that readjustment has to take place while our terms of trade are worsening.

There can be no doubt that we urgently need to begin the readjustment towards a much higher rate of expansion of our basic industries. This is essential whatever happens. Unfortunately it is quite incompatible (unless the Summit and the disarmament conference offer a miraculously quick relief) with the defence policy to which both the government and, alas, the official Opposition is committed – especially if that policy is taken together with the 'image' which has been created in such glossy terms, again both by the government and the official Opposition, of our right to ever increasing personal consumption whatever the circumstances. Thus there is an overwhelming argument for a drastic reconsideration of defence policy. It is to be feared that the government will realise this far quicker than the Opposition.

T. Balogh

London Diary

For a British Prime Minister to wing his way across the Atlantic to 'sort things out' with an American President is becoming increasingly common. It gives the illusion of doing something about something. It is reassuring to one and all. Journalists foregather, and the vast apparatus of contemporary publicity is set up. What actually happens is usually of small moment. This is the great age of secret diplomacy. Actually, there is more and more secrecy and less and less diplomacy. It is like communications. What fabulous facilities! How little to send! Of course, our man usually brings something back from Washington in terms of credits, or atomic secrets, or even of mild policy concessions. But the result diminishes with the occasions it is sought. It is a kind of addiction. More and more get-together tranquillisers have to be taken to produce the same degree of tranquillity. Each prime ministerial visit to Washington ties us more firmly to American policy (as, for instance, in the matter of admitting China to the United Nations) and yields us a smaller advantage.

* * *

Relations between Britain and America are inexhaustibly interesting. The old-fashioned Churchillian view is still current. On the degree that our two peoples pursue a common purpose, and hang together, depends the peace of the world. You will hear it still at Pilgrim dinners and other like occasions on both sides of the Atlantic, after the toastmaster has gone through his distinguished list of guests, with the brandy flowing and cigar smoke making wreaths above their heads. On the other hand, in business relations these ancient incantations and formalities are scarcely considered necessary. The disparity between the two parties is too obvious. Which is the junior partner is made only too clear.

What is rather amusing is that, on the American side, our ostensible eccentricities and antiquities, which have long ceased to have any real existence except in travel advertisements, live on in certain Americans' minds. There will always be an England, at least in the dreams of Americans – and, oddly enough, more often than not in the dreams of those who used to be the most vehemently anti-British. Big Ben tolls more noisily today in the columns of the *Chicago Tribune* than in those of the *Washington Post*. You will hear of the Tower of London, and of cute little pubs, more often in the Middle West than in New York. At the same time, in England, where hatred of America grows ever more insensate, the prestige of American products mounts ever higher. Our little cars have rudimentary fins. Our shoulders tend to be padded, our food to be packaged, and especially among juvenile delinquents, speech is rapidly becoming almost wholly American.

* * *

I was thinking of all this the other evening when I went on the Jack Paar show, which was filmed here in London for a few nights. For those unfamiliar with such matters, the Jack Paar show goes on American television late at night, lasts over an hour and a half, claims an audience of some 20 million and is taken by a record number of stations. Anyway, apart from the ratings, there can be no question but that a great many Americans sit up late to watch it. The curious thing is, nothing really happens. Mr Paar (who, for his English trip, has acquired a curly bowler, and, doubtless, a rolled umbrella) is just a smile, repeats what I imagine to be prepared gags with fair accomplishment, and has an act or two which, in music-hall days, would have appeared in small lettering on the lower half of the bill. My role was to talk to him for about half an hour. He seemed quite amiable, but the curious part of the operation was that one's observations (such as they were) not only did not register, but did not seem to arrive at all. They were conversational guided missiles which missed their target and went off into the stratosphere. There was no reaction, except, of course, the everlasting smile. This is carrying the process of non-think to its ultimate. I can see in a vague way why so many Americans want a large dosage of processed, highly concentrated, non-think before facing the lonely, and sometimes interminable, night. I should expect a late-night programme of the sort to develop here in a year or so. It is a good opening for an aspiring Michelmore, who will end, rather than begin, the evening's viewing. Thought-starvation, with a nice warm draught of non-think to put you right!

* * *

Among the Russian and other exiles living in Paris, there has been, I gather, a lot of strong feeling about those who were sent to Corsica for the Krushchev visit. It was a terrible lowering of status to be left out. Grand Dukes sat with their heads in their hands for hours on end, grieving at having sunk so low that the French police authorities just did not care whether or not they were in Paris at the same time as Mr Krushchev. Counts and anarchists went to their habitual café tables with the air of men who, through no fault of their own, had come down in the world. Some, it is said, actually disappeared, and let it be put around that they had been sent to Corsica. As for the ones who actually have been sent there – they are expected to give themselves terrific airs when they return.

Even in this age of mass-entertainment, there are still little theatres here and there where small groups of people produce and act in plays, even though rehearsals clash with *Wagon Train*. It is extraordinary how such efforts of individual men and women, however imperfect the result, stimulate and enliven at any rate the participants. However badly someone plays the piano or scrapes a violin, I have always preferred it to a gramophone record of the most accomplished performer. Men and women singing is magical, even though their voices may be untrained and out of tune. What counts is the impulse, not the result. The poetry of life is in each individual human heart's aspirations, however poorly and clumsily expressed, and not in mass aspirations, Cellophane-wrapped and packaged. Of course, a great poet or great artist can express what others feel. He is their spokesman, not a salesman with products to sell or put across. He is no hidden persuader; rather, an open proclaimer. Perhaps our final madness will be to destroy ourselves spiritually by losing the need, or the desire, to express any aspiration, our own or another's, except vicariously. We shall be persuaded to want more and more, and to get it we shall find that we have less and less.

* * *

What an odd place London is on Sunday afternoon! It all seems to centre round *Ben Hur*. This is the focal point – otherwise, just people drifting along; some coffee bars open, nothing much else to do that I could see. What draws all these people to the centre of the town? Why are they there? News stands offer forlorn editions of the Sunday papers, along with the usual magazines, with the usual covers in full colour. These can be procured elsewhere. It is all very mysterious. Piccadilly Circus, Leicester Square aimlessly crowded; even Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park Corner with more sightseers than participants in the political and other propagandist activities conducted there, I suspect. I suppose it is just something to do.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

There will always be one particular reminiscence of this all-round huntsman, for he made gramophone records demonstrating the voice and horn of a huntsman, and not only are these a joy to fox-hunting men in the evening, but they can also serve as a model of inspiration to aspiring Hunt Servants, and amateur huntsmen. – *The Times*. (Colin Tilney.)

High wages have produced a new 'class' who have very little knowledge of good behaviour or manners. Would it not be advantageous to hold classes to instruct these people? – Letter in *Gloucestershire Echo*. (C. E. Durant.)

Clydeside engineers are demanding that two hours should be cut off their Friday working days because the full shift makes them too tired to enjoy their leisure on Saturday. – *Sunday Express*. (J. M. Tynge.)

Although Britain is on good terms with every possible aggressor, Civil Defence is still necessary because of the possibility of an attack from outer space, County Alderman Ellis Wood, vice-chairman of Lancashire Civil Defence Organisation, told a meeting of voluntary workers at Accrington last night. – *Blackburn Evening Telegraph*. (J. E. Stenton.)

Nepal Looks Outwards

A CROWD of diplomats, officials and citizens of Nepal were at Kathmandu airport to say good-bye to B. P. Koirala, Nepalese Premier and head of the Congress Party, when he left for his recent visit to Peking. It was one more proof that Nepal is no longer a closed country. In the past it has been even more firmly shut off, both physically and culturally, from the rest of the world than Tibet – cut off in a way which is only paralleled by another Himalayan state, Bhutan. Today it is from Nepal, not Tibet, that climbers make the ascent of Everest. Nepal's windows are open; and its democratic premier negotiates as head of an independent state with the great powers that flank it.

Today there is quite a lot of traffic coming and going. Nepal is becoming part of the American grand tour. Thousands of US tourists pay flying trips to photograph its superb Himalayan landscape, its unique architecture and its narrow streets packed with Nepalese who, in strangely assorted costumes, barter with the craftsmen and shopkeepers, stopping by the way to pay tribute at the innumerable little shrines dedicated to Hindu gods and Buddhist figures – sometimes the two together. A grand hotel, once the palace of a feudal magnate, caters for the tourist; with a pleasant feeling of adventure, they find there everything sufficiently bizarre to atone, for a few days at least, for the lack of some of the luxuries to which they are accustomed.

I have seen as many as eight aircraft standing at the Kathmandu airport waiting for the clouds to clear through the mountain passes. A few years ago, you could get to Kathmandu only by foot or by mule, or if you were a piece of luggage, by ropeway. If you were a really heavy commodity like a large motor-car, you arrived on the backs of 40 coolies. Today, the plane arrives direct from Delhi twice a week in three and a half hours; and daily, in rather longer time, from Calcutta. Most of these planes standing on the airport were going to one or other of the half dozen airstrips that are in use in the interior. Pokhara, where we were going, used to be a ten-days march, with tents and bearers and all the paraphernalia of the explorer. Today, when the clouds let the pilots see the way, you get there in 40 minutes.

But you mustn't deceive yourself that Nepal is already what the world calls 'opened up'. It is still true that to get from some parts to others, you have to trek out into India and back again, as if the Nepalese valleys were so many islands. A report of the American aid teams put the matter graphically when it says that the Nepalese administration has to run a country 20 times the size of the United States because you can reach any part of the US in 24 hours from any other, whereas it may take three weeks in Kathmandu even to communicate with a villager in another area. A vast improvement will be made when the 900 miles of roads now projected are in working order (3,000 miles of roads would be necessary, it is reckoned, really to link up the country), and when the radio telegraph which the Americans have promised is installed – it is hoped in 1961.

Parallel with this physical contact with the outside world is Nepal's political and cultural emergence from a singularly tight and oppres-

SOUTH AFRICA

A CHALLENGE TO OUR CONSCIENCE

THE BISHOP OF JOHANNESBURG

declares

"I would go into a court of law and say, if it were the last thing I ever did, that it was not necessary for the police to open fire. One woman was in a shop buying groceries. Another was hanging out washing in a back yard . . . . Even if there was provocation it is difficult to believe that it could have been sufficiently serious to warrant what can only be described as a massacre of unarmed people."

VICTIMS OF SAVAGE POLICE ACTIONS NEED YOUR HELP

Many thousands of people in Britain have been appalled by recent police shootings in South Africa against unarmed Africans.

The cruel policy of apartheid creates intolerable tensions within the Union. The constant suppression by force of all legitimate attempts by Africans to resist the injustices and indignities which result from this policy provokes frustration and anger and hinders the efforts of the leaders of African opinion who seek to achieve their aims by non-violent means. The blame for violence in South Africa lies with the whites. There can be no possible excuse for the brutality with which the police force tries to keep control over millions of non-whites who are denied even a semblance of those human rights which are their due.

Many in Great Britain will wish to show their sympathy with the victims of these disastrous actions by helping to care for their families and dependants.

The national **Defence and Aid Fund** (established by Christian Action in connection with the Treason Trial in South Africa) has immediately sent £2,000 for this purpose to the Committee of which the Bishop of Johannesburg is Chairman. But this is only a drop in the bucket of need.

On behalf of all the sponsors of the national Defence and Aid Fund we—the members of the Advisory Committee of Sponsors—beg you with all our hearts to respond to these appeals.

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sive form of feudalism. For the last century the country was run by its virtual owners, the Rana family, who kept the King as a kind of puppet, much as the ruling clique in Japan formerly kept the Mikado. The Rana monopoly was shaken when the British left India, for the British, who visited Nepal only to shoot tigers and recruit Gurkhas, maintained the country as an undeveloped, warlike, buffer state, against possible encroachment by Russia or by China. In so doing, they guaranteed the Rana's power. In 1950, the Nepali Congress Party, helped by the Indian Congress and Socialists, rose in revolt, and after some weeks of fighting, with the King on their side (he had escaped to the Indian Embassy with his family including the present King) defeated the Rana government, and set up the first popular administration in Kathmandu.

Personal rivalries and internal confusion (with periods of personal rule by the King) prevented any considerable development. But last year, the King fulfilled his promise to hold a properly organised election. The result was an overwhelming victory for the Nepali Congress led by B. P. Koirala, whose father had died in jail because he had spoken his mind to the Ranas, and who was himself imprisoned by them and led the underground movement against them. The power of the new government is limited; there is an upper house which has a small majority of B. P.'s opponents, and the King has formidable reserve powers. But he behaves with admirable constitutional propriety and at present the Koirala government has the support of the great mass of the people, who astounded outside observers by their enthusiastic appreciation of their first chance to vote for a government of their choice. Many of them had to give up three days to vote; it took a day to reach the nearest polling booth. If a comparatively few women voted, it was not for lack of will, but because only one member of the family could leave the farms for so long a time.

The difficulties of the present government are not constitutional. They arise from the extreme backwardness of the country. Everything, including the administration, begins from scratch. Or, rather, we might say, with a heavy handicap. It is hard to be quite sure where development should begin. A simple illustration strikes the visitor on arrival. The electric lights in Kathmandu have to be supplemented by candles or kerosene lamps. Did not the government promise that electricity should no longer be the monopoly of the Ranas? Immediately it installed electricity in many houses and public buildings. Unfortunately the power was totally insufficient. So at present, Kathmandu works by day and goes to bed very early. An entire administrative system has also to be installed, and trained personnel is more difficult to come by than Diesel boosters, or even hydro-electric plants. The Ranas ran the place like a family estate and kept only the kind of accounts which ensured that they had plenty of money to invest in businesses abroad, almost entirely in India. The government's main source of revenue must be the taxes they can levy on these fabulously rich landlords. For foreign exchange at this period, they must largely rely on aid from friendly countries and international organisations. Moreover, the new government, in assessing priorities, has to consider not only the real needs of the country, but also its popularity with the peasants to whom it has naturally made large electoral promises.

The essential of modernisation is the development of a source of power. In Nepal, this means hydro-electric power, since the country has great and rapid rivers, but no coal, or, at present, oil. Expert surveys give promising reports about oil – which only emphasise once again that in practice the most urgent necessity is transport. Machinery for oil excavation, like the material for hydro-electric works, cannot all be transported over the Himalayas by air. The universal demand for schools is more easily met because they can be built locally with some encouragement from the centre. But schools also demand equipment and, even more, teachers. Teachers are in fact being trained; we visited one particularly efficient training college which has been equipped and largely financed by the University of Oregon.

Hospitals again are a crying need, which means doctors, equipment and drugs. Nepal has valuable medicinal herbs and has a project for a chemical industry which may some day make medicines for export. At present, however, only a few hospitals, mainly in the valley of Kathmandu, can boast of modern medical facilities, and several of them are run by missions, mainly American and British. We visited one excellently equipped hospital in Pokhara, which was originally provided for the Gurkhas and their dependants, but which in fact receives sufferers from tuberculosis and enteric and all the host of tropical and deficiency diseases which flourish in Nepalese, as in Indian villages. This hospital showed how much can be done at low cost and without any of the usual facilities or materials. It is built entirely with aluminium sheets, carried on Nepalese backs from the aircraft which can land at Pokhara a few miles away. Nearby was a fine school where the sons and daughters of Gurkhas were studying English, science, geography and history, as well as Sanskrit and Nepalese. They were also doing physical training, marching about in drill order as their fathers had before them.

The first thing that will strike the serious traveller in Kathmandu itself is the welcome sight of many green American station wagons, as well as private cars, hooting their way through the crowded streets. They make their way through an endless procession of Nepalese men and women, especially women, carrying vast burdens on their backs or balanced, Chinese fashion, from poles across their shoulders. The burdens are immense. They range from heavy loads of firewood or straw or large pieces of furniture down to baskets of fertiliser, dug from the alluvial deposits of streams, or great piles of fresh vegetables. For some reason, which I was unable to fathom in spite of many inquiries, there are no pack-animals in the valley, although there are plenty in the hills. Oxen may not be used for ploughing or as draught animals because the valley belongs to Lord Shiva to whom cattle are sacred. But the god is not particularly interested in mules or donkeys; perhaps the explanation is simply that human labour is so much cheaper than that of donkeys, which have to be fed.

These American cars are imported by the foreign and UN aid organisations. These are now numerous. The basic lesson has been learnt; you no longer meet American officials who regard backward people as wogs on whom they are conferring a favour. A very experienced United States administrator remarked that you could still find in Asia examples of all the types of arrogant and ignorant folly so vividly exposed in *The Ugly American*, but as a general picture the book is now quite out of date and you can meet Americans who are as practical and devoted as the hero of this book, the Ugly American himself.

Nepal, with its high valleys cut off from each other by mountain barriers of 10,000 or more feet, is, of course, still largely unaffected by the last few years of deliberate and well-conceived development. But a great deal is going on, even though its scale is still far from commensurate with the need. The British are not much in the picture, though among other things they have to their credit one of the best 30 miles of road in Asia. Experienced and surprisingly high-powered British advisers have been lent to Nepal by the UK. A remarkable example of how geographical and economic limitations can be overcome is provided by the Swiss, who, in a remote area, have showed the Nepalese how to make an excellent cheese out of yak's milk.

The Americans are at work on many projects, working with Indians and Nepalese on a road programme, beginning irrigation works, building bridges and schools, making surveys of mineral and other resources and working with the WHO to build hospitals and eliminate malaria. One day while we were flying in sight of Annapurna, we fell into conversation with a young Indian who was working on malaria for the WHO. His problem is precisely illustrative of the difficulties encountered in Nepal. You can drain marshes in the valley; you must also spray houses once, and, he hoped soon, twice a year. But, he said, pointing down to a village (probably 4,000 feet above sea level with a mountain wall around it) you could reach those huts only by perhaps a week of walking. The solution in this wild country seems to be to teach all the Gurkha soldiers to do the spraying themselves; when they go home on leave or retire after their period of service, they themselves will take pride in ridding their village of its most persistent disease. This idea is, I think, likely to receive influential support.

In 1948, some Indians began with the mistaken idea that they would inherit in Nepal the monopoly which had been exercised by the British. Mr Bhagwan Sahay, who became Indian Ambassador in Kathmandu a little more than five years ago, overcame this prejudice amongst those who were willing to shed it. His popularity with the Nepalese was immense (he returned to become Chief Commissioner of Delhi state three months ago). But there remains fear and some hostility to Indians who are, after all, a great and powerful nation just over the frontier, and who must in the nature of things have some responsibility for Nepalese defence. No one now complains that it was Indians who built a great road into Nepal and constructed the airport. Nor for that matter do any but a few Communist spokesmen and professional pro-Chinese object to Indian garrisons on Nepal's northern frontier posts. But Communists continue to find a response to anti-Indian propaganda. In particular, they criticise the Gandak project, which, like the similar one over the Kosi River, serves the dual purpose of drainage and flood control on both sides of the Indian-Nepalese frontier. The complaint apparently is that Indians are benefiting themselves as well as Nepal!

Both the USSR and China have now offered aid to Nepal. The Russians are already surveying a site for a sugar refinery and have promised a cigarette factory. China has projects for a paper mill and a cement factory. All these will be welcomed. It will not be overlooked, however, that these projects will be excellent advertisements for the countries which offer them, while too little credit will go to the Nepalese government, which will

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be committed by them to large sums in 'social overheads'. Every Chinese and Russian expert will need an interpreter, and factories cannot be built without roads and basic services. The credit for the end product will go mainly to Russia or China; but if by any chance it is not a success, the Nepalese government will come under fire for wasting so many dollars. It is sometimes more blessed to give than to receive foreign aid.

In Kathmandu, as well as outside the valley, thoughtful people are of course afraid of China. Mr B. P. Koirala himself initiated the discussions (which have just been successfully concluded) with Chou En-lai about the 500-mile long frontier; it is clearly to Nepal's interest for it to be demarcated. I diligently inquired whether the various rumours of Chinese incursions into Nepal had any factual basis. I could find none, and I was explicitly told by the MP who represents the most vulnerable area, that no complaints could be sustained there against the Chinese. But the challenge of Chinese progress in Tibet cannot be neglected. On their side of the frontier where villages merge into one another across a plateau, roads, schools and improvements of many kinds are being constructed. And no one knows better than the Nepalese government that there cannot long be one standard of living on their side of the frontier and a much better one on the Chinese. The Nepalese villagers will not understand why the Chinese can build on their side of the high plateau more swiftly and effectively than the Nepalese government can on the precipices which fall down into Nepal.

At present, however, the Nepalese frontier people are not impressed by the Chinese. Sturdily independent themselves, and almost to a man worshippers of the Dalai Lama, they listen with dismay to accounts of Chinese regimentation from Tibetan exiles who cross the border. But the younger generation infected by modernity and less concerned about lamas will obviously not be content to remain as a primitive, forgotten country while their Tibetan neighbours, often relatives, become part of China's new leap.

So B. P. Koirala's problem is to convince his people that he can carry out a swift, economic revolution. He has his difficulties. His drastic taxation of large estates, which in some cases amounts to confiscation, has angered the old ruling class, and I heard of one group of these frightened rich people who were conspiring to withhold their taxes. Again, the present government is necessarily orientated to India: its training, culture, and political experience with the Indian Congress has inevitably geared it to Patna (formerly the university which gave Nepalese students their degrees) and to Calcutta, which in the past has been Nepal's outlet to the outside world. The Communists, and also some politicians like K. I. Singh, who was Prime Minister for a short time, carry on persistent propaganda, the burden of which is that India is now an imperialist power to be resisted as the British once were. They represent China as a new liberating force. They might even make common cause with angry ex-landlords if they see a chance of increasing their influence.

Every responsible person in Kathmandu will tell you that Nepal, a small landlocked country, a sandwich between the two great giants, must not be committed to either. Nepal must walk the same delicate way of non-alignment between China and India that India treads between the Communists and non-Communist worlds.

My general impression is that B. P. Koirala and his colleagues could risk a somewhat bolder and faster drive towards Socialist development than they have yet attempted. I hazard the opinion that if they do move faster, they will carry the King with them, as well as ensure the support of the educated minority and the mass of Congress supporters. For the King Mahendra is no ordinary monarch. Brought up with his father who, like other kings for 100 years had been virtually prisoners of the Ranas, he has no love for the rich landlord classes. He wants, I believe, to go down to history as the first great modern King of Nepal, the King who made it an independent modern state and introduced it to the world. This is also Koirala's ambition; and the future of Nepal will depend on their successful cooperation.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Thespians Unite!

WHO hasn't heard, and heard a lot, about how passing great it is to be a star and ride in triumph through Shaftesbury Avenue; and about how stars are born, and about the heartache behind the bright lights of old Broadway; and about how fame also passes, like a ship. Wage claims and the complaints of squalid dressing-rooms where the water is always cold and where Rosencrantz if he should stumble makes up Guildenstern and Guildenstern Ophelia – these lines within the dialogue, these domestic faces behind the masks, are heard of only once a year. The occasion is the annual conference, to be staged on Sunday, of Equity, the actors' trade union. All the speeches will, no doubt, be delivered with that faultless articulation, that famous audibility we associate with the English stage. There may even be a little drama.

Acting is the last jungle of casual labour outside the world of the barrow-boy. There is now a sizeable group of actors – they hope to effect a kind of *coup de théâtre*, if not *d'état* on Sunday – who want their profession or trade regulated. To select metaphors at random from their back-stage talk they see, on the one hand, a ruthless and monopolistic management organising a rat-race, and, on the other, a shoal of actors fighting to be fished-out of a swollen pool by a single rod.

It was, I believe, Sir George Alexander who observed that the organisation of the theatre is founded on the theory that unemployment among actors – those vagabonds – is normal. Exactly how many of Equity's 9,348 members are out of work at this moment is impossible to say. Calculations could be done by ready-reckoner when repertory dominated the business. Then it was easy to see that half of them were out of a job. With television uncertainty has come. For example, a man may be rehearsing a television play for three weeks; the play will go on: he will be on the dole perhaps a few days before rehearsals start for another. Or perhaps he may make an advertising film for commercial television, which will take him a day or two. That may bring him £500 or even £1,000. He may not do any other work for a month. (Why should he?) So that even if he is technically out of work, he is scarcely a meaningful statistic. But let's agree on a figure of one-third.

For every part in the West End theatres, there are usually 15 actors or actresses in competition. This is an ideal situation for employers and largely accounts for the absurd conditions the profession works under. During rehearsals, for example, those members of a cast who earn less than £20 a week are paid £5 a week. Those who earn over £20 get nothing for rehearsal time, although they are entitled to borrow against their salary. For illnesses they are entitled to nothing – although many managements do pay them. They are entitled to no holidays with pay, no expenses when on tour. Nor can any industry match the theatre for seediness in working conditions. Actors can recite, as to the manner born, the names of provincial theatres where dressing rooms are unventilated, without light bulbs, walls peeling, cramped, cold, even littered with contraceptives. In the West End a cast is lucky if it has a 'green room', a place to sit in some comfort while they're not on. Usually they trot up and downstairs, or hang about in corridors. In London the *Comedy* is held to be the best-equipped; the *Princes*, although there's some dispute about this, the worst. But negotiations are now going on about wages: as to conditions, everyone is hoping that the Offices Bill will clean up the back-stages. The pool of unemployment, the jungle remains.

The cry of Thespians Unite! can't help being a comic one; the notion of so narcissitic a crowd of people standing shoulder to shoulder in solidarity for the cause is somehow unconvincing. An Ernest Bevin would despair trying to create a Theatre Labour Board. No one of course is arguing for such a board: what the regulators want is much milder than that. Powerful forces stand in their way – and these forces are not composed entirely of the 'but we're all artists, darling' school.

In the average West End production there are, let's say, ten characters. Of these the one or two stars will be on a percentage of the take. Another might earn £70 a week; another one or two, £40; two £20; two £15 and one £12. The stars may well have excellent dressing-rooms, so that they escape squalor. From their elevated view they may also see the system whereby they have risen to fame and opulence to be an excellent one, – the heat of the fire forging talent, and so on. The stars are usually elected on to the council of Equity both because their names are well-known and because actors – or at least the ten per cent who bother to vote – flock no less than the public like moths towards the bright light of success.

Regulation of entry into the acting business will naturally seem to them a dangerous regimentation, a disturbance of a *Mystique*. Isn't part of the glamour of the theatre the name made overnight? The meteoric rise? How can this remain if you insist that people must go to approved drama schools? And spend so many years in repertory? Who is to tell whether a young man or woman is qualified to be an actress or no? Strange things can happen in the mystery of the theatre, can they not?

Team-work, with security in the Russian, Yugoslav or Swedish style, is the new mode and demand, a style which actors sometimes commend in a tone of voice oddly similar to that in which rugby-playing schoolboys are encouraged to think of the team rather than themselves. But I take their point. Of all the arguments I heard none was more impressive than an explanation, very convincing to an infrequent and sceptical playgoer like myself, of why British actors act the way they do. It seems that they are, when on-stage, so anxious to catch the eye of big shots in the audience that small considerations of characterisation or dialogue or movement are sacrificed for personal impact. I suppose you could

EVERY time you hear those cheering crowds roar for the Rovers or United, you can wager a rosette to a rattle that steel tubes will be there adding their support as well. The crush barriers, the floodlighting towers and often the football stands themselves are of steel tubes made, as likely as not, by S & L.

Far from the madding crowd, steel tubes support man's endeavours in other quieter ways: as water mains and gas mains, as oil pipelines across deserts, and as heat exchangers in nuclear power stations. You will even find the radio telescope at Jodrell Bank standing on a spider-web of S & L steel tubes. Steel tubes made by Stewarts and Lloyds in Great Britain.

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call this the Marxist interpretation of stage techniques.

Meanwhile television, which may mean the death of the living theatre outside London, is injecting some life into actors. Naturally they are acutely fed-up with rates of pay. At the moment the minimum rates for television plays are, with the BBC, eight or nine guineas for a performance and two guineas a day for rehearsals. ITV's rates are slightly higher. These minima – actors usually get more – are what Equity wants hoisted. They also want conditions of work improved, not to mention the status of their members who, so they say, have to rehearse in draughty halls or, just before performances, snatch a bite in crowded canteens.

A transformation is what they want: pay related to the enormous size of audiences. It's reckoned that a leading actor daren't show his face more than four or five times a year on the telly or the public will get fed up with him. He wants that borne in mind. Actors who go for the steady income of a serial have other problems, like too ready an identification with one part, be it farmer, doctor, porter. But for a family man, television can offer a security the living theatre seldom could. The old boards keep a-calling, but the call of the stomach can help to drown its cry. The averagely successful actor in his mid-thirties may reckon now on an income of £2,000 a year, but without any real kind of security.

It can't be very encouraging for them to know that the membership-structure of their union is peculiar in the sense that, while its numbers remain constant throughout the years, it has 1,500 new members every year. What becomes of the 1,500, then, who drop out? Especially since the new members are almost always young people. Is it the middle-aged who are being forced out? More and more, too, the young entrants instead of heading away to the provincial repertory theatres, and there are still 100 of these left at the height of the season, are coming to the metropolis – to the heart of the television theatre as well as the live, the stars shining in their eyes, more fish for the pool, each an Olivier or an Ashcroft or at least ambitious for a *Salad Days*. (The cast of that masterpiece split five per cent of the gramophone record sales of the show, which have been huge, in a new royalties scheme which Equity won. All rivers flow to the hogwash as one actor sagely observed.)

But if it's difficult to accept with an absolutely straight face the idea of actors behaving like any other trade union, behind the idea of regulation does lie a hope for a theatre in which performers can concentrate on better performances without distraction by the worst aspects of the star system and the work-jungle. What's discouraging for them – understandably perhaps – is that they have to put their faith in actors.

W. John Morgan

The Arts and Entertainment

The Irish versus Ireland

Occasionally, like the Kraken rising from its sleep in the depths, the West End professionals will surface to perform an admirable and wholly surprising flourish or two, provided the weather is mild and the sea placid. Well, the setting of Joan Henry's *Look on Tempests* (Comedy) is the mild Knightsbridge flat of a mild young publisher and the heroine is the placid Vanessa Redgrave – placid, at times, to the point of woodenness. But the play has a serious enough theme and there is a distinct pleasure – even if it does come from relief – in seeing really professional acting.

Miss Henry's theme is what happens to the family of a sensitive, able but conventional young man when, out of the blue, he is charged with a homosexual offence. It is a drama of women-folk. Miss Redgrave plays the well brought-up English rose who, in another decade, would have gone through God knows what wartime horrors without once loosening her moral chastity belt. A conventional piece, in short, but she is in love with her husband; so, unconventionally, she finds herself defending his aberrations. Against her rears the Mater, Gladys Cooper, who may live at a place called Woodley but is no longer young. Miss Cooper is all convention, in her steely way; she won't even acknowledge the possibility of her son's guilt, and is shocked when her daughter-in-law does. So they battle it out in a tense, well-bred manner: Miss Cooper sour and creased and quick to attack, like some ancient lizard; Miss Redgrave cumbersome and suffering without ever once raising her voice. Between them goes the excellent and accomplished Ian Hunter, as the understanding stepfather-in-law. Perhaps it is impossible, in this year of our Freud, that any family could be so innocent. But granted niceness is all, the tension is sustained and the acting well-nigh impeccable.

For Dominic Behan's *Posterity Be Damned!* (Metropolitan, Edgware Road), there were television cameras in the lobby, flashbulbs popping in the stalls and a bar that was, at a guess, three times fuller and rougher than Twickenham's. But this time Ireland was beating the Irish. 'Mother Ireland, get off my back!' cries the dying hero as the curtain comes down; and he pulls a dustbin over on to himself. The catcalls from the gallery were tremendous. Obviously the Boys were gathered in force to give the play a rousing send-off. And they succeeded. What with the sing-songs on stage and the boozing and shouting in the auditorium, there hasn't been such a gala since Callas last performed.

Whether or not the play quite justified the fuss and publicity is another matter entirely. A thin trickle of melodrama on the usual theme of betrayal and counter-betrayal meandered through a great prairie of music-hall turns. But the plot clearly mattered hardly at all. Dominic Behan, like Brendan, used it merely as an excuse to exercise his considerable gift for satiric songs and funny cracks at the expense of the Irish Republican Army and the Church. What the Tories are to Osborne, so the IRA is to the Behans. Their reactions are automatic and compulsive. Perhaps the better word is 'obsessional'. Behan, says the programme, was once an IRA leader. Now he works out his resentments against his youthful idiocies with a kind of scattered vehemence.

From the odd snatches I could hear, 'The Patriot Game', a ballad he himself sang as he weaved his way uncertainly across the stage, was the best thing of the evening. But it was scarcely audible. So the brunt of the entertainment was borne by the glorified music-hall turn of Dermot Kelly and Cecil Sheridan who, on this showing, seemed like Laurel and Hardy with Irish accents – with everything that implies of booze-fixation, sponging and considerable fluency. The usual rogues' gallery of drunken Irishry supported them, the jokes were funny, the blasphemies properly blasphemous, the anti-Irish stuff properly resented and the sing-songs a good deal better than those which followed the play at the pub opposite. Generally, a good time was had by all. And if, despite Maurice Good's efforts as the hero, the serious plot was too weak to give the revolutionary nonsense the lam-mocking it deserves – well, you can't have everything, and on the London stage you're lucky to get anything at all.

A. Alvarez

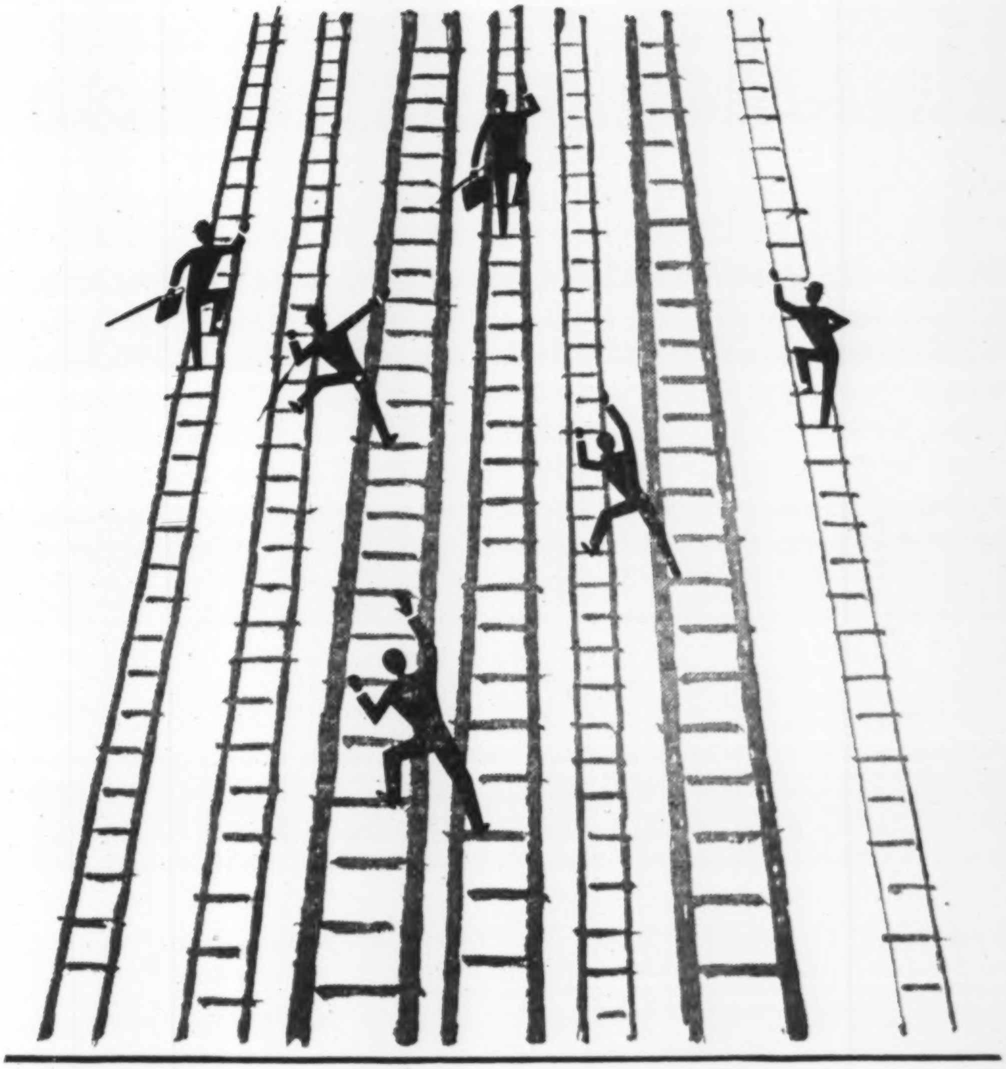
Printemps

This, so far as London and films are concerned, is a French season. Everywhere they meet one, like the daffodils for mother; Bresson, Resnais, Truffaut, Louis Malle, Claude Autant-Lara, Carné, Guitry, old waves and new; only the Everyman height holds out with its multiflora Bergman. The latest blooms in the efflorescence are *Les Enfants du Paradis* at the Academy and *Versailles* at the Columbia.

The first of these has changed little: and that is to its advantage. Prévert-Carné was a most potent alliance, but their bold artificialities may or may not hold good. *Quai des Brumes* has relinquished much of its dingy glamour; even *Le Jour Se Lève* (I am told, for I haven't dared re-re-encounter it), with Berry's seductive act and Gabin chain-smoking in the shadows, even there time has crept in with moth and rust – ironically, since the whole piece, which initiated the flashback, was a duet of time past and present. I must confess that I approached *Les Enfants du Paradis*, wondering whether it would stand up.

It does, very nearly. The Dickensian dance of the crowd, the juggling of drama off and on stage, the Louis-Philippe background, achieve here the cinema's nearest approach to an original novel of breadth and depth. It cuts through – in a romantic way – the classes, from 'the gods' to stage favourites and actors on the platform of society and crime. Brilliance is the mark of the successful Prévert-Carné alliance, and brilliant here is the emergence out of obscurity of famous actors (Lemaitre and Debureau). The core of the piece, Barrault's Pierrot Lunaire, remains with its moon-languishing and inspired miming a poetic hard-centre, from which the years have eroded nothing.

Personality and style enabled Guitry to strut through a number of films most of which will be forgotten. *Versailles* reveals him, for two and three-quarter hours, ageing, abysmally confident that *he* can carry off a large, witty historico-parade of monarchy leading to revolution: there is material here for half-a-dozen revue sketches and an ensemble, amateurishly blown out to feign mastery and make a spectacle. As *le Roi Soleil* he lords it in person for a while: Orson Welles's few moments as Benjamin Franklin touch the grotesque but achieve more. However, don't forget the earlier Guitry, of whom the National Theatre has reminded us in *Le*



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Roman d'un Tricheur. Wit, narrative, personal flourish – the cinema does owe him something.

With the French Season on South Bank we meet two long-ago Renoir films: *La Chienne* and *Boudu Sauvé des Eaux.* They are revelations in more senses than one: first, we have never seen them in England; second, they triumph thanks to the naturalness of Renoir, who has never subscribed to fashion or advanced principles for time to mock at. *Boudu* especially, with Michel Simon as timeless then as now, strikes a note of lyrical realism, sinful pleasure, and a joy in people and landscape that is evergreen as Spring itself. Simon is a tramp hauled out of the Seine to work havoc in a bookseller's household, to spit on his floors, prop himself in his doorways, satisfy his wife, and marry his servant-mistress. No sooner is the last accomplished than he upsets the boat – at the wedding picnic – and swims away out of ken in an idyll only surpassed by *Partie de Campagne.* Renoir is our great living link with the past, dateless, impossible to pin down as a cloud, a joyful naturalist, a 'painter' who has never forced his art. I do urge everyone who can to see *Le Règle de Jeu,* perhaps his best film, which is being shown this weekend.

To leave France, *The Last Angry Man* (Odeon) sets out Hollywoodwise with a flourish to celebrate a faithful old GP who resists being exploited by television and dies in the battle; despite Paul Muni, the film only half strikes true and gutters out in sobs and a better world. *School for Scoundrels* (Warner's), based on the novels [sic] of Stephen Potter, and directed by Robert Hamer, seeks fun in lifemanship and the rest, finds it, repeats it, rubs it in with a delicacy imparted by Alastair Sim. It's all too mild. Perhaps the fault lies in jokemanship.

William Whitebait

Hard Edge – Soft Centre

Those with a 'coming shortly' interest in art have for some time speculated on what was likely to turn up next after American Abstract Expressionism. Analysis of that considerable and still somewhat astonishing contribution to the international art situation seems to have defined the artists as individual personalities rather than as a group consciously working in unison. The futility of lumping them all together was early recognised by all but the emotionally opposed. Yet even those who approve have sought to define what it is that the Americans collectively have which the Europeans have not got. There has thus been a tendency to stress what is unique at the expense of what may well be traditional. The two main innovations, the release of uninhibited painterly gesture and the dissolving of the picture frame, have been interpreted as irrevocable occurrences – points splashed down in history from which there is no turning back.

That Europeans should try to draw the innovations back into their own historical traditions was taken as a natural and a weak demonstration of fuddy-duddyism: that the Americans themselves should produce anything so traditional as a simple stylistic reaction had hardly been contemplated. What has turned up at the ICA under the title West Coast-Hard Edge, promoted to the significance of a counter-revolution, is so simple as to be vacant – a fresh set of Emperor's New Clothes (*Esquire* fashion). Sympathy and interest in American art can only be diluted by the attempts of an artist to cover his confusion with the hand of an organisation man. If poverty is no disgrace it is certainly no recommendation.

What is most interesting in the claims about these pictures is the insistence by the artists that they are 'classical' works *in form* – as though a classical work can have a separate form and content. There is nothing wrong or unusual, as I said last week, in an artist thinking he is doing one thing when in fact he is doing another; but contrasting a clean-edged shape to an expressionist swish and claiming classical forbears and forbearance on the strength of that alone is promoting idiosyncrasy to the level of a moral attitude. And it is the moral attitude which ultimately defines a classical work: the thing which made Mondrian classical was the desire to affect social life for the good. There is no evidence of this kind in these works. They are too self-indulgent. Even the McLaughlins, which are certainly cool and calm and refined, spoil a further tenet of classicism by using colour both emotionally and intuitively as the subject of the pictures.

No, for once the 'I have been here before' reaction is valid in front of these pictures and is not just a reactionary self-defence mechanism. Much more evidence is needed before I am convinced that they are of more than parochial significance.

One of the surprises of the Fifties was that so idiosyncratic an artist as Francis Bacon should register on an international scale, that he could communicate a personal figurative language whilst impersonal neo-classical idealisation stayed rigidly at home. Perhaps his pictures were in key with 'the troubled spirit of the times'. But I think the surprise in England was conditioned by lack of awareness on our part as to how natural a form of communication surrealism was on the continent. However, both points are superficial compared with what marks Bacon out as a powerful and an original artist. He may use currently significant fractions of our situation, images picked out from our emotional journalism, but his one great ability is to create, on occasion, a precise expression of what is normally mumbled about. He has created the opposite of *Mrs Dale's Diary*; he has painted the love pictures of our time and, if the participants seem to exhibit as much hate as affection, he is that much nearer the ambiguities of reality. He has the exact daring of the poet, the lyric poet who, because he is dealing with implications must achieve formal clarity before the emotions can be set free. It is the formal discipline of his art which makes bearable the contemplation of the experience he is dealing with.

The new Bacons (Marlborough) are a degree more expressionist in style while the imagery remains familiar. The brush is in contact with the canvas for a longer time, the strokes complete a circuit. The somewhat earlier *Seated Figure No 1* has, by comparison, an almost Watteau-like, butterfly brush touch. Where earlier the figures spoke for themselves, albeit in whispers, and involved us through the glass, these figures are in the same room, defenceless in the brighter light, silent or sleeping away their embarrassment at our presence. They are as open to our inspection as a man in handcuffs on a railway station. The people – for they demand human identity – lying on divans are the most impressive images. No psychiatrist's couch was ever so adhesive as these couches are to the flesh's degradation. The naked bodies liquify within their outlines, wishing perhaps that the floor might open up and swallow them, but the environment is as unrelenting as the skins that imprison them, as hopeless of escape as the room in *Huis Clos.*

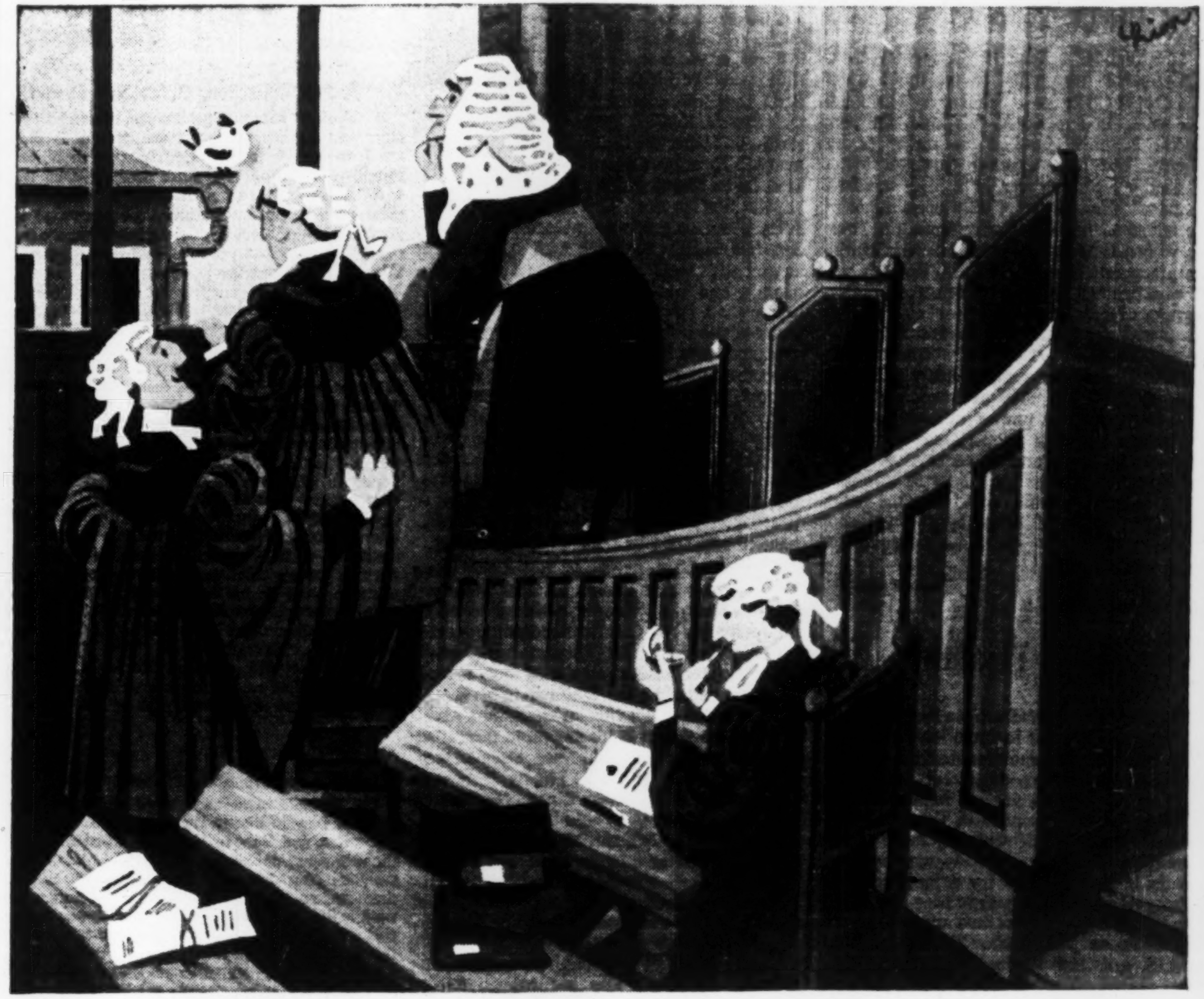
Simply to involve oneself in these works, or even to refuse to do so, is fatal to an appreciation of their significance – as though one just popped in to Madame Tussaud's to see if they had changed their programme lately. The built-in qualities which spring from the artist's detachment give the best pictures their very real authority. Though form and content are integrated to the point where, as David Thompson has said, one goes straight past discussion of his technical means to the controversy of his comment on humanity, it is the instant recognition of these pictures as works of art which puts the instant recognition of their relevant modernity in perspective. All art has a consumable element in it, however monumental and timeless its ambition. Though Bacon may reverse the proportions of temporary and permanent values to a debatable degree, there is no English painter today to whom the word memorable is more applicable.

Keith Sutton

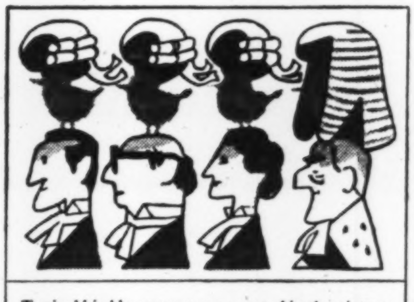
A Welcome Talent

Last week's Thursday Invitation Concert at the BBC was memorable for two reasons – first, for the choice of programme, and second, for the choice of conductor. Webern's Concerto Op. 24, Beethoven's Septet Op. 20 and Schoenberg's Serenade Op. 24, heard in that order, make an almost ideal chamber music programme. It has shape, contrast *and* unity. The young Beethoven is the perfect foil to the mature Webern and the mature Schoenberg, and the two Opus 24s are justly representative of their composers' talents. Webern's Concerto is one of the most likeable of his works, though its apparent simplicity lays it open to all kinds of maltreatment from players who might not dare to attempt the Symphony or even the rather dry Saxophone Quartet.

But within a very few seconds of the opening of the BBC concert, it was clear that the conductor, Jacques Monod, was very much more than just another of Europe's capable Webern time-beaters. This was music; and, what is more, it was music achieved with scrupulous regard for Webern's obsessively detailed dynamic and expressive markings – markings which in many performances, including recorded ones, are largely ignored. But manuscripts reveal that in some of his work a very high proportion of the final markings were second or even third thoughts on his part; and this perhaps gives some excuse for not regarding them as sacred law. But Monod not only contrived to keep his players remarkably close to the textual details of interpretation, but made these an articulate part of the larger design. When Webern wrote 'espressivo' against a rapid three-note figure involving, as do most of the figures, the intervals of a third and a seventh, he presumably meant something; but only a performance as scrupulous as Monod's is capable of establishing the required contrast. The playing of the second movement was a model of sensitive phrasing and clear articulation. The players were 'hearing' each other, and the relationships of the parts, as clearly as Monod had 'heard' the whole. The syncopations of the third movement were made to dance as never before, without conjuring up the spectral



Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE



Typical bird lovers are represented in the picture by A., an expert in the display flight of albino passerines: B. once wrote to Peter Scott: C. bought a book called "Thoro' Bush Thoro' Briar, our Friends of the Hedgerows": D. usually raises an imaginary gun and says "Bang bang".

NO. 2 TOWN WATCHING. Nature is where you find it: and you find it just as much in the most exceptionally built-up areas as anywhere, perhaps more so. Familiar urban sights which please us are the "shredded lace" effect of the back-garden cabbage leaf after attacks from the pretty caterpillar of the Cabbage White. Observe the ant manoeuvre pattern swarming on the faucets and disposal exits of the ordinary kitchen sink; and the delicate "dust and ashes" trail left by the common moth on the common best suit.

The great thing to do is to observe. In the picture we see typical barristers of the High Court of Rolls Mastership and Improvident Tenure, typically pausing in their work to observe the first spring appearance of the Little Stink (Odor odor odor), half of a pair proved to have been breeding behind the immersion heater of No. 122 Fish Row, though this fact is kept a secret, and it is important that the birds should not be disturbed, nor, if possible, looked at, except by members of the Federation of Prevention of Not Taking Any Notice. The "Little" is easily distinguished from the "Medium" Stink by a slight pinkness of the left eye and a tendency of the inner wing coverts to turn from beige to biscuit colour near the tip, though this is, typically, only revealed when the bird is flying fast and at 800 ft. It is interesting, too, that the contents of the crop of the London variety tends to vary towards an admixture, with the common wire worm, of the common slip-on paper clip. *Song*, a quick "blimp-blimp-blimp-Chah". *Alarm note*, a deeper "brrrp brrrp". *Invitation movement*, a kick baskwards with the left foot. *Eggs*, secret.

Remember, we want you to use your eyes for yourselves. We tell you where to look.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Charleston that wickedly (and adventitiously) shadows this movement. To make Webern sound relaxed and natural is something of a feat.

The qualities evident in Monod's Webern performance were equal to the much wider and deeper challenge of Schoenberg's astounding work. In a piece of this kind, the conductor is much more at the mercy of his players, but for the most part the Melos Ensemble's playing was of a high standard. Some of Monod's tempi were what might be described as 'helpful': for instance, the *Tanzscene* began at quaver = 140, whereas Schoenberg suggests quaver = 152-160. But this was always justified musically. The staccato string writing of the *Tanzscene* was clear and incisive, and the same movement's *Ländler* – introduced with great skill – could hardly have sounded more unaffectedly Viennese. The performance thus achieved something that is beyond the powers of even the most sympathetic critical propaganda: it proved both the humanity and the essential normality of this music. If performances of this standard became the rule rather than the exception, the music of Schoenberg would soon cease to be a Cause. Let us hope that Monod will soon return.

DAVID DREW

Late Looking

MR BEVAN is reported to have been 'depressed and horrified' by the low standards of most of the television programmes that he has been watching during his convalescence. Most of us will agree with his general impression (and with his specific exception in Tony Hancock's favour); but his statement may mean that he has been viewing unselectively, as people tend to do if stuck indoors for a long time, and also, perhaps, that he has not been able to stay up late at night and has thus missed such programmes as *The Brains Trust*, the repeat (10.15 p.m. last Wednesday) of the BBC's remarkable visit to an enclosed Carmelite convent in Wales, and Daniel Farson's series.

One advantage of late-night timing for a programme of quality is that its viewers are with it by choice rather than by accident. Disadvantages are that the unsophisticated viewer who might learn to like it is not trapped and held, and that, edition-times being what they are, it is apt to be ignored by daily newspaper critics.

Too little attention, for instance, was paid to last Sunday's *Monitor* (9.35 p.m.). A great deal of work must have been done on this programme in general, and this edition of it in particular: what showed, iceberg-wise, had shape, verve, and sparkle. (I am sorry to learn that Mr Bevan did not see it.) I watched it with two viewers who are not natural *Monitor* fans: they were gloomily apprehensive when they saw in *Radio Times* that the first item was to be about 'the life and work of a string quartet'. Their fears were dispelled: few could have failed to enjoy this elaborate, witty and human film profile. The quartet was the Allegri, and we got to know each of its members individually, at home with the children as well as at work . . . and what a staggering quantity and intensity of work: 68 rehearsals before their first concert, 'and then they felt under-rehearsed'; a few bars of Bartok tried over and over and over, until the required effect ('relentless' and 'monotonous') had been secured, telepathically as well as argumentatively; the delicate satire of the arrival for a concert at Oxted (so like politicians arriving to speak at a country meeting) and the quick close-ups of their varying facial reactions to the sandwiches hospitably proffered; then – 'Darlington on Friday'. I hope this item will be used some day in a schools programme.

Equally, and as painlessly, instructive were the other items in this memorable *Monitor*. William Saroyan, whose experiment in play-improvisation (the cast collaborating) opens next Wednesday at The Theatre Royal, Stratford, came over as a relaxed but ragged character with a hint of Whitman in his generalisations ('I am a writer of everything') and of Ambrose Bierce in his epigrams. ('Creative writing courses', he said, 'are essential for those who have no talent'.) Finally, there was a survey of Epstein's astonishing conglomeration of primitive sculpture – Egyptian, archaic Greek, African, Polynesian. Again, as with the string quartet, there was no stillness except when it was dramatically effective: these statues were not static, their grandeur was enhanced by skilful lighting, legitimate trickery set them revolving, until their mournful or mocking eyes stared into the viewers'. There was just enough music, mainly percussion; and much of the commentary was a recording of Epstein's own voice – confirming Huw Wheldon's statement that the influence of these primitives on Epstein's own work was 'less direct and more subtle than had been thought'. For Epstein declared that 'the stimulus of primitive art can be a drug' and that 'we must get enough power into our own work to stand comparison with African art without copying it'.

'Depressed and horrified' as we are by much in television, it is an encouraging fact that *Monitor* has so far had, this year, an average audience of three million adult viewers.

TOM DRIBERG

The Epstein Collection, at the Arts Council

If 'fabulous' still conveys the idea of surprising glory and treasure tröve richness, then it is the word to apply to the Epstein collection of primitive and exotic sculpture now on view at 4 St James's Square. Artists are in a special class as collectors, invariably gregarious and generous in the breadth of their responses, picking up whatever has life in it with an awareness that, however faint the pulse may seem, respect has to be paid to the creative act. All art dignifies man's existence. Epstein is described as bringing down a few objects from his storeroom of an evening and contemplating and arguing about them with his friends. This quality is carried over in the exhibition. We get the feeling of browsing through someone's library, following his interests, being informed in a way that museums cannot inform us and constantly wanting to borrow things. The surprises are not confined to the variety of what is to be seen but extend to what is not there – what one might have thought Epstein would naturally collect. There is very little direct correspondence between what he made and what he possessed except in terms of spiritual energy. That particular nervous fluidity which infects both his bronzes and his carving is manifest only in the few Indian pieces and the tiny Ashanti gold-weights. Mostly the works exhibit the intractability of their materials. Powerful, beautiful, emotional certainly, but as much crystalline as vegetative even in the erotic images. It is an exhibition not to be missed.

K.G.S.

Liberation, at the Stables Theatre, Hastings

The problem of the first world war was courage and how to die; in the last war it was collaboration and how to live. The Russians (and the Germans) did the dying. In Malcolm Muggeridge's play, *Liberation*, set in Paris in 1944, there are no heroics left standing; the only upright is life, and 'liberated' man and woman must come to terms with the impurities that, during the Occupation, kept them alive. All this sounds, and is, a simple idea for a play. But Mr Muggeridge raises the idea to the dignity of a theme, and, by curtain-fall, he has come to a vivid and moving sense of moral dilemmas. He has brought his many opposites into one figure – a splendid polygon – and shown by hammering our heads on basic situations what it was to live, desperately, between the fork of food and the Cross of Lorraine. The dilemma has horns on all sides.

But however exciting were Mr Muggeridge's ideas, they were not matched by the language. The dialogue at time was so clumsy as to seem unintentional, a slip of the pen that his typist

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should correct. When a soldier returns from the wars and gives his wife a present, it is not sufficient that she says 'oh, how charming'. There was too much whack in the emotional situations – *i.e.* the daughter about to have a baby seeing her German soldier shot in the street – to permit any stilted language. The first act has too much narration and scene setting; the play needs plunge, P to K4, rather than an elaborate assembly of pieces. If Mr Muggeridge's courage in using basic, tearful situations were matched by dramatic skill this would be a considerable play. One would like to see it rewritten and with professional actors. Most playwrights would not dare to touch his theme in a traditional way, certainly not without protecting themselves by irony or without various techniques of distancing. But Mr Muggeridge is always brave. Honesty, half-achieved, is more worth seeing than any slick article.

H. A. L. C.

Correspondence

THE GERMANS AGAIN

Sir, – Letters such as Margaret Clarke's do the cause of German democracy no good whatever. The phrases she refers to in the brochure map – 'Under Polish . . .' or 'Under Russian' administration are not the sole property of the Bonn government but will be found in most non-Communist maps of central and eastern Europe. This terminology is not war propaganda but a necessary convention. For the German government officially to accept the *status quo* as permanent would merely be to encourage right-wing extremists intent on mobilizing for short-term electoral purposes the frustration of displaced minorities against the present government. That these territories are nominally included on maps as German should not be taken as pre-supposing any unilateral action whatever, let alone war, on the part of the *Bundesrepublik*.

In discussion with students and graduate members of this university as well as with many ordinary Germans, including former citizens of East Prussia, I have found that no one seriously expects Germany to regain East Prussia. Whilst it is recognized that the question of the Oder-Neisse line, which not only West Germany but also Britain and the United States have refused to recognize as a permanent frontier, cannot be solved except as part of a negotiated settlement with Poland and Russia, preceded of course by re-unification of the two present Germanys. Of course 'the final decision regarding this matter is still open' – unless one accepts Russian, Polish and East German claims *de jure* as well as *de facto*, which would involve the irrevocable betrayal of eastern Europe to Communism.

I can sympathise with Margaret Clarke's apprehension about the new *Bundeswehr* and I quite agree that its increased size will not lead to any relaxation of tension in Europe – does any army ever reduce tension? – but the crucial point about the *Bundeswehr* is not its size but the extent to which it, and the government that controls it, is democratic. The *Bundeswehr* does at least have this advantage over its Weimar predecessor that it is a conscript army and therefore less open to reactionary militarism than a volunteer army. The government is another matter; but as long as ill-informed or malicious journalists distort the situation by trying to make the whole German people appear responsible for the acts of isolated individuals, Adenauer will seem justified in indulging, 'for the sake of national unity', his paternalist contempt for the *spirit* of democracy.

As for the 'so-called' German Democratic Republic, does your correspondent really believe – and, if so, on what evidence? – that the East German regime is democratic in any sense acceptable to the West? If so, why do more than 2,000 refugees leave East Germany for the *Bundesrepublik* each week? There are many elements in present-day West Germany that may be dangerous for the future of German democracy, but to imply that the record of the Ulbricht regime, maintained solely by force, is preferable to that of the *Bundesrepublik* because it is more democratic is absurd, and indiscriminate criticism from abroad, especially in issues such as the wave of anti-Semitic slogan-scrawling, which was by no means confined to Germany, is far more likely to arouse justified resentment and to encourage such little nationalistic feeling as does still exist.

Christopher Levenson

Neuplatz
Münster

MID-CENTURY MISSION

Sir, – May one who is not a Socialist, though always willing to consider any specific proposal for public ownership on its merits (if any), be allowed to say that Mr W. John Morgan's article in your issue of 26 March is the most sensible thing on the subject of social policy that I have found in any Labour publication for years. Whether one is 'ideologically left' (as I am not) or otherwise, any open-minded person should, in my opinion, agree that the 'new thinking' for which he calls is exactly what is needed now. If Labour circles will really get down to dealing with the matters he raises, some of those who have not voted Labour for years (or in my case, lately, for anyone else) will sit up and take notice.

May I beg Mr Morgan, however, to extend his agenda in one direction which seems to me dangerously neglected by all parties now? This is the problem of how, in the 'affluent society' the services on which any genuine community must largely depend are going to be adequately staffed – or even, very soon perhaps, staffed at all. 'Education' means teachers; 'health' means nurses; even 'order' need policemen, and many other examples of the sort could be adduced. I am all for righting the wrongs and raising the status of 'the workers' but if all our attention is to be orientated on this we shall lose sight of the ever-increasing 'differential' between industry and service. Economic justice is not solely an industrial matter, and we cannot live a true community life on its products alone. If Labour allows regard for non-industrial service to be left to the ineffectual opposition of economic pressure, it will in effect be repeating on a wider scale the gross inequities which a more crude form of *laisser-faire* was producing a century ago. And our society will soon find itself even more exposed to ignorance, disease and crime than it is at present.

Maurice B. Reckitt

157 St James' Court
Buckingham Gate
SW1

SENTENCED TO MARRIAGE

Sir, – As one who has accepted the humanist position as recently as July 1959, I have found myself concerned with the question of ethical standards, postulated by Mr Holton.

Having rejected a supernatural sanction for ethics, I made great efforts to discover some objective sanction for my ethical beliefs. I endeavoured to discover an objective validation of my belief in the rightness of certain values and of my rejection of others. Reluctantly, I discovered, that at least for me, no such objective criteria exist. The individual must justify his ethics to his own personal conception of utility and justice.

But the absence of objective standards does not imply that mercy and justice have only a provisional status. These concepts can be justified on pragmatic grounds, which are not provisional. The humanist rejects the idea that ethics are dependent upon supernatural authority. For the humanist the validation of an ethic is dependent upon its social utility

Mr Holton seems to misunderstand the use of the term 'scientific' in this context. Humanism does not claim the nature of a physical or social science; it makes no claim to fundamental discovery in physical nature or society. Humanism is a belief. Its claims to be scientific reside solely in its use of the scientific method when making value judgments. In other words, a humanist deals with value judgments in the same way as he deals with crossing the road. He looks both ways, and deals with each question on its merits.

Sydney Harris

5 Grafton Close
W13

Sir, – Both Mr N. F. Barnes and Mr Amphlett Micklewright have ignored in their letters the fact that the beliefs of Christianity are liable to varying interpretations. The writers have put for-

DERELLA

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ward one view of marriage which is held by a large section of the Church, but it is not the only one to be found in Christianity. Among the others is one which does follow the humanist 'in his concern for mercy and justice in the world of the here and now'. The stated bases of the concern may differ; the spirit which motivates it and the practical effect of it may seem common to the two systems of ethics.

It is not clear from Mr Micklewright's letter whether by the 'infallible revelation' he mentions he means the person of Jesus, in which case I think all who call themselves Christians would accept his statement of their belief as fair, or some other form of revelation such as the Bible or the teaching of the church, about which opinions differ. One may accept that there is a universal ethic eternally relevant and most fully revealed in Christ, whilst acknowledging the need to revise continually one's understanding of that ethic in the light of a given age and situation.

Christian morality does not depend on 'the acceptance of a certain set of dogmatic beliefs' but on the willingness of the individual to enter into a certain relationship with the Being whom he apprehends as the supreme power in his own life and that of the universe. Whether or not the adherents of Christianity have influenced society to form a more desirable pattern than that of other civilisations is no criterion of the validity of the religion. In the matrimonial sphere, as in others, Christianity is primarily concerned with the God-man relationship which motivates actions, and secondarily with the form of the actions, which will vary with intelligence, environment and a multitude of circumstantial factors.

God, we believe, is Love. We are eager to join with the humanist in advocating love as the foundation for human life.

ANNE E. GRAY

City of Birmingham Training College
Westbourne Road,
Birmingham 15

THE DISPOSSESSED

SIR, – Jacquetta Hawkes, in her article on the Australian aboriginals in your issue of 19 March, speaks of the work done by 'an inspired missionary, Alf Clint' in starting an aboriginal co-operative in the Lockhart River. May I appeal for some very practical assistance for the pioneer work that is being done, not merely by the Reverend Alf Clint, but by the Australian Board of Missions on which he is director of co-operatives?

My first contact with Alf Clint was in the pages of Kylie Tennant's book, *Speak You So Gently*, which I reviewed in your columns last year: this is a description of his work at the Lockhart Mission. Since I have come to know him and the work that is being done, my respect and affection for him have grown. Apart from the Lockhart mission, there is a training centre in Sydney – where an excellent one-week school has just been held – and co-operatives have been established in four more places, with plans for two more in the coming year.

It is remarkable how much can be done with slender resources: this form of organisation, which combines self-help, self-respect and the community habits which the aboriginals possess to a marked degree, may be one of the best solutions to the problems that Jacquetta Hawkes discusses. May I ask your readers, especially those who are co-operators, to send donations – and gifts from co-operative societies or parties would be especially welcome – to The Australian Board of Missions, 14, Spring Street, Sydney, NSW?

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Canberra

SIR, – Unfortunately, Miss Hawkes does not exaggerate the plight of the aborigines. At heart, the inadequate sums spent by state and Commonwealth governments on their welfare is only a reflection of the apathy and prejudice of the European Australians, and not much can be expected of the former until these fundamental attitudes have been shaken. Even now, where the races live together, an implicit apartheid policy is sometimes to be seen, with objections to the presence of aborigines in cinemas, public baths, schools used by 'white' children, and even churches. There is, in fact, little doubt that if the Australians had a 'colour problem' on the scale of the South Africans there would be little to choose between them.

By suggesting that it was not until the end of the 19th century that a stirring of public conscience brought about a change of policy from extermination to segregation, however, Miss Hawkes does less than justice to the efforts of the early administrators to protect the aborigines from the ravages of settlers. The report of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton's select committee in 1837 enshrined a fine ideal of equal rights for aborigines, but in the end the settlers and their legislatures had the last word. There is here a moral for British policy in other multi-racial colonies, but whether it has been fully learnt still seems doubtful.

NOEL MCLACHLAN

6 Gardnor Mansions, NW3

LEFT HOLDING THE DETERRENT

SIR, – Mr Bellenger falls into a common error in supposing that unilateral nuclear disarmament and its consequences in the conventional field is and must be only a pacifist proposal. I have been pointing out for some years that it is the correct solution from a non-pacifist (military if you like) angle to the problem of how to defend our way of life in the nuclear age.

The fact that a lot of pacifists want to do the same thing for moral reasons reinforces, but does not detract from, the expediency of my proposals. Perhaps the fact that my views on this matter are not regarded as pacifism, is shown by the circumstance that I have twice lectured to the Imperial Defence College on this matter and once at the RWSI. It was no surprise to me to find that the boys at the IDC, whilst finding it impossible to swallow the whole doctrine at one gulp, were much more receptive than the MP's I have addressed on this subject. Messrs Bellenger, Brown *et al* must try very hard to get through the thought-barrier in defence thinking. Tory thinking is on the way through; and in due course they will announce that they have seen the light and explain their conversion on financial grounds.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

Hartfield House
Headley
Bordon
Hants

SIR, – Mr Bellenger writes: 'Mr Zilliacus may be right in his criticism of Messrs Shinwell, Crossman and Wigg in that they do not offer any alternative policy to unilateral nuclear disarmament. But neither does Mr Zilliacus'.

What I wrote was that Wigg and Crossman 'do not propound any real alternative to the suicidal nuclear strategy they rightly reject.' I fought the 1955, as well as the 1959, election on unilateral renunciation of nuclear weapons. I spoke and voted against Nato when it was introduced to the House on 12 May 1949 and I have been against it ever since. I am for clearing the US bases out of this country, I regard the nuclear deterrent strategy with which Labour's leaders have got themselves stuck as morally wicked, intellectually imbecile, politically unreal, and economically ruinous, militarily crazy, inconsistent with the Charter and incompatible with Labour's foreign policy.

I have explained my reasons for holding these views, in the House and the country, for over ten years. Evidently I have been wasting my breath so far as Mr Bellenger is concerned. But I hope he now knows where I stand.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

BOOKS IN GENERAL

An Irish Oblomov

THERE is a terrifying sentence in James Stephens's account of his meeting with Joyce in Dublin that unfortunately came to my mind when I was struggling with Samuel Beckett's trilogy* – 'I looked at him', says Stephens, 'without a word in my mouth except vocabulary'. Will someone not chart the vivid but interminable ocean of Irish garrulity for us, point out the shallows and the depths, tell us where the words are vocabulary only and where they connote ideas or things, where they are propitiatory magic, where egomania filling in time and place? Where is language used for language's sake, and where is it used as a gabble-gabble ritual to make tolerable the meaninglessness of life? It would be of practical help to know whether a writer was drowning well within his own depth or out of it; and when it would be decent to leave him to it – possibly coming back later, after a smoke, to see how he was getting on.

One does this with *Tristram Shandy*. Pending other guidance, the reader of Beckett's trilogy, *Molloy, Malone Dies* and *The Unnamable*, does the same. They are lawsuits that never end, vexations, litigations joined with the tedium, the greyness, the grief, the fear, the rage, the clownishness, the physical miseries of old age where life is on the ebb, and nature stands by smiling idiotically. Why was I born, get me out of this, let me live on less and less, get me to the grave, the womb, the last door, dragging this ludicrous, feeble, windy broken old bag of pipes with me. Find me a hole. Give me deafness and blindness; chop off the gangrened leg; somewhere on this rubbish dump where I crawl there must be some final dustbin, where I can dribble, laugh, cry and maunder on the this and the that of the general mystery and occasionally give a toothless grin over an obscene word or a farcical sexual memory.

Flight, old age, and the wrangle about personal identity, these are Samuel Beckett's themes. A man is a vestige left by to hop around in wearying argy-bargy after his invisible master: punishment, for the old, unremembered sin. Life is the *belle dame* with the mindless smirk and she hardly troubles to look at the victim who has been reduced to the total lethargy of compulsive speech. That is the joke: the mutilated thing can *talk*. In the first volume the man is Molloy, the tramp with crutches, a mixture of simplicity, hurt and lunatic energy. He can still spit with contempt at society:

> One of us at last! Green with anguish. A real little terrestrial! Choking in the chlorophyll. Hugging the slaughterhouse walls! Paltry priests of the irrepressible ephemeral!

He bashes along on his bicycle, through the town, trying to get to his mother. He runs over a dog –

> an ineptness all the more unpardonable as the dog, duly leashed, was not out on the road, but in on the pavement, docile at his mistress's heels. Precautions are like resolutions, to be taken with precaution. The lady must have thought she had left nothing to chance, so far as the safety of her dog was concerned, whereas in reality she was setting the whole system of nature at naught, no less surely than I myself with my insane demands for more light. But instead of grovelling in my turn, invoking my great age and infirmities, I made things worse by trying to run away. I was soon overtaken by a bloodthirsty mob of both sexes and all ages, for I caught a glimpse of white beards and little angel faces, and they were preparing to tear me to pieces

– but the lady stopped them, saying she was taking the dog to the vet to be put down, in any case, and he had saved her a painful task.

This volume has all Beckett's headlong comic gift. Molloy is in the clownish state of senility, his disqualified life has the spirit either of a fairy tale or inverted idyll; and in his pestiferous search for 'more light' on everything and nothing – mostly the latter – there is a grin half of mockery and half of frenzy on his scabby face. His sexual memories are funny because they are few, take him by surprise, and they are a mixture of the grotesque and touching, the dirty and the modest. He has dragged his body around all his life, and it follows him like some ignorant valet. There is far more to compare with *Tristram Shandy* in the caprices of this volume and its exploits in self-contradiction in order to hold the floor, than there is with Joyce.

In the second volume, *Malone Dies*, we move from the freedom of rebellion to loneliness. Malone, by the way, may be another aspect of Molloy; he doesn't know who he is. As far as I can make out the scene of the novel is a madhouse or infirmary for the old, and Beckett becomes the grammarian of solitude. The senses are dying. How does Malone know where the veils of air end and the prison walls begin? The body turns in smaller and smaller circles; the mind conjugates trifles. Here Beckett intervenes with some satirical observation of normal people, a trite couple and their favourite son, a piece which might have come out of *La Nausée*, or Nathalie Sarraute, and we are reminded that Beckett writes his novels first in French.

But we return to endless hair-splitting, metaphysical speculation sliding from association to association, and these convey that as age increases the tedium of life, so the unwearying little talker in the brain with his lawsuit against life bosses every half minute of it. Grief and pity hang between his words; but the book unexpectedly ends in wholesale murder, when the feeble-minded inmates of the infirmary are taken out on a picnic.

In the third volume, Molloy, Malone, Mahood, Murphy – whatever the name now is – is a lump, almost sightless, stone deaf, always weeping, mutilated, immoveable, the helpless centre of a world that he can be conscious of very rarely. He is about to become Worm, all human identity gone. The archaeological kind of critic who can recover a novel from its ruins may be able to make something of this volume. I find it unreadable, in the sense that I cannot move from paragraph to paragraph, from page to page. It is all significance and no content.

The stream of consciousness, so lively and going dramatically from image to image in Joyce, is here a stream of imageless verbosity occasionally broken by a jab of obscene anger, but grey, grey, and it goes monotonously along in phrases usually about seven words long, like some regularly bumping old tram. This is, of course, not so much the stream of consciousness as the stream of solitude and provides the comedy of overhearing a man talking to himself – Bloom, one recalls, rarely talked; things 'came up' in his mind. He was in the midst of drama – a comedy that is genuine enough certainly, but not of boundless interest.

Why is Beckett interesting as a writer? As a contemporary phenomenon, he is one more negative protest against the world going to the slaughterhouse, one more protest on behalf of privacy, a voice for myopia. He is a modern Oblomov, fretful and apathetic, enclosed in private fantasy, dropping off into words instead of sleep. They are eloquent, cunning, unremitting words.

He is far from feeble, for there is a devil-like slyness in the half grin on the faces of his old men who can hit out with their crutches. What tedium! they exclaim – speaking not only of existence and human solitude – but, we suspect, of ourselves. His imagination has the Irish cruelty and self-destructiveness that Yeats once spoke of. Beckett's anti-novels, like all anti-novels, have to deal with small areas of experience because their pretension is to evoke the whole of life, *i.e.* life unfixed by art; the result is that these verbose books are like long ironical, stinging footnotes in small print to some theme not formulated. But there is a flash of deep insight in the madness he evokes: it is strange that in a generation which has put all its stress on youth and achievement, he alone should have written about old age, loneliness and decrepitude, a subject which arouses perhaps our deepest repressed guilt and fears. He is the product of a civilisation which has become suddenly old. He is a considerable, muttering, comic writer, and although he conveys unbearable pain, he also conveys the element of sardonic tenacity that lies at the heart of the comic gift.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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* *Molloy; Malone Dies; The Unnamable.* By SAMUEL BECKETT. *Calder.* 25*s*.

REASSESSMENT

Positivism in Perspective

By ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

(Alasdair MacIntyre lectures in philosophy at Leeds University.)

In the past quarter of a century *Language, Truth and Logic* has been variously regarded. It has both in the middle Thirties and in the late Forties enjoyed a large vogue among university students, and not only students of philosophy. If their teachers have more often quoted from it to amend or to refute, it is perhaps because Professor A. J. Ayer writes so supremely well that there is never any problem about what it is at stake in discussing his contentions. If lucidity is highly valued among philosophers today it is in part because of Ayer's teaching and example. Nor is it only that Ayer's first book was a landmark in the struggle against obscurity; it was a landmark also in the struggle against dreariness and triviality. Ayer brought into the centre of philosophical practice the conviction that philosophical problems ought not to be thought of as a kind of treadmill of the human mind, around which we are doomed ceaselessly to march. Philosophical problems are meant to be solved. If Ayer dealt with them in such a way that later on he wished to write of his book that 'the questions with which it deals are not in all respects so simple as it makes them appear', he at least threw down this challenge. Either accept this solution to the problems or propound a better. But do not fall below the standards of rigour in this book.

What should we say to this challenge 24 years later? How are we to rate not the effect or importance of the book, but the cogency of its argument? It is always risky to attempt to place so comparatively recent an argument definitively. But sometimes the risk is worth taking. I shall then plunge in straightaway and say that I see *Language, Truth and Logic* as the last classic of British empiricist philosophy. The tradition which was inaugurated by John Locke's pedestrian and prosaic utterance was finally brought to a close by Ayer's scintillations. The sparks are bright enough, but they are the sparks of a falling star. To hold this view involves me in defending three positions: that Ayer's book does belong to British empiricism; that it is of classic quality; and that empiricism is no longer a viable philosophy.

It might seem that the first of these positions scarcely needs defending. In the preface to the first edition of *Language, Truth and Logic* Ayer names Berkeley and Hume among his philosophical ancestors. The most striking summary of the book's essential doctrines is perhaps found not in any statement by Ayer but in a famous passage from Hume which Ayer quotes:

> If we take in our hand any volume; of divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance; let us ask, Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames. For it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion.

'What is this', asks Ayer, 'but a rhetorical version of our own thesis that a sentence which does not express either a formally true proposition or an empirical hypothesis is devoid of literal significance?' Yet too many other influences are apparent in Ayer's work for us to class it simply as an offspring of native empiricism.

There is first the avowed indebtedness to the Vienna Circle, and especially to Rudolf Carnap. Although a debt to Wittgenstein is acknowledged, it is the earlier Wittgenstein of the *Tractatus* to whom Ayer is indebted, and moreover the *Tractatus* is understood as the Vienna Circle understood (or misunderstood) it and not as Wittgenstein himself understood it. Then there is the unavowed influence of the French eighteenth-century Enlightenment. The blend of wit, clarity and passion is unmistakable. If *Language, Truth and Logic* condemns metaphysics in the sense of belief in supersensible entities it certainly communicates a metaphysics in the sense of a fundamental world-view. And the world-view which it communicates is that of the humane reasonableness of the Enlightenment, rather than that of Hume's sceptical Toryism. Nonetheless the substantial relationship to Berkeley and Hume outweighs and colours all other connections.

Certainly then an empiricist work; but an empiricist classic? What do I mean by empiricism? The doctrine that all our knowledge derives from sense-impressions. What is it about Ayer's book that renders it a classic restatement of this doctrine? It is first of all the simplicity with which he transforms this from a doctrine about knowledge into a doctrine about meaning. Hume had mingled his philosophical empiricism with dubious psychological doctrines. John Stuart Mill had produced an empiricist account of our knowledge of mathematical truths which is so certainly mistaken that many Victorian philosophers took it for a cardinal doctrine that empiricism must be wrong because it could not give an adequate account of such truths. Russell had remedied this defect by showing that the truths of mathematics and logic are formally guaranteed; that is, that they are in some sense or other guaranteed simply by virtue of the definitions of the symbols used to express them. But Russell had combined his logical insight with a doubtful metaphysics which envisaged the world as a collection of atomic particulars. Ayer combined Russell's views on logic and mathematics with Hume's philosophy purged of its psychological admixture. He does this by a doctrine of significance which allows two classes of sentence only to be the expression of what he calls literally meaningful propositions. There are the formal truths, which Russell had characterised correctly; and there are the factual statements, whose meaning is guaranteed insofar as they are verifiable or falsifiable by sense-experience. This is the famous Principle of Verification. In the first edition of *Language, Truth and Logic* Ayer wrote:

> It is the mark of a genuine factual proposition not that it should be equivalent to an experiential proposition, or any finite number of experiential propositions, but simply that some experiential propositions can be deduced from it in conjunction with certain other premises without being deducible from those other premises alone.

That this is a careful formulation is obvious; even so, Ayer found it 'over-simplified' in the second edition. But what struck the intellectual public was not the care over the formulation; it was the classes of statements which were by Ayer's criterion deprived of literal significance.

This brings us to the second classic quality of *Language, Truth and Logic*, namely the willingness and the ability to follow through in the most trenchant manner the consequences of the Verification Principle for religion and for ethics. The religious believer who asserts that there is a God is neither making a false assertion nor making an assertion for which the evidence is inadequate. Ayer disowns both

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Language, Truth and Logic. By A. J. AYER. *Gollancz.* 13s. 6d.

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atheism and agnosticism. The religious believer is simply uttering a form of words which since it is neither verifiable nor falsifiable is devoid of literal significance.

> An interesting feature of this conclusion is that it accords with what many theists are accustomed to say themselves. For we are often told that the nature of God is a mystery which transcends the human understanding. But to say that something transcends the human understanding is to say that it is unintelligible. And what is unintelligible cannot significantly be described.

Not since Hume's ironic courtesies to Christianity can theologians have been so exasperated. As for ethics, the treatment is partly striking because it is so short. In under 12 pages ethics is dealt with, aesthetics being thrown in for good measure. The function of ethical words is 'emotive'; to express and to arouse feelings. Thus they play no part in helping us to express what is literally significant.

> We find that ethical philosophy consists simply in saying that ethical concepts are pseudo-concepts and therefore unanalysable. The further task of describing the different feelings that the different ethical terms are used to express, and the different reactions that they customarily provoke, is a task for the psychologist.

I think that even these brief quotations illustrate the combination of brevity of treatment, clarity of style, and width of scope which make *Language, Truth and Logic* an empiricist classic. If the reader is sceptical of anything, it will be of my own claim that this is the *last* empiricist classic. Where has empiricism broken down? It has broken down at precisely those points at which Wittgenstein's insights are crucial. Here I can only indicate the important points in terms of Ayer's argument. Ayer's discussion of meaning is such as to separate off the memory of factual statements from the meaning of other utterances; but insofar as meaning is a property of *language*, we want to know rather what different types of utterance have in common, factual statements being just one possible use of language. If we address ourselves to the question of what language is, we cannot escape its essentially public and social character. But on an empiricist view language must be a matter of what is private and individual, rather than of what is public and shared. For on an empiricist view it is with reference to our sense-experience that our utterances are given meaning. All sense-experience is private and cannot be shared. Empiricism shuts us up in a series of private worlds and makes impossible the public communication which in fact is the central feature of our use of language. This is to present cryptically and no doubt unconvincingly one of the features of Wittgenstein's philosophy which renders empiricism no longer viable. But to say this is to take sides in a debate which is still going on. And it would be wrong not at least to refer to the fact that Ayer has maintained his position against the Wittgensteinians in a number of articles as well as in his book *The Problem of Knowledge*.

This however is certainly not the point in Ayer's argument on which the more vociferous of his critics have fastened. There have been those who have seen him as a latterday Socrates skilfully corrupting the young men. Equally there have been those who have seen him as a principal agent in delivering over philosophy to a sterile preoccupation with meaning. In the Thirties his philosophical attitudes seemed to some to war against the demand for social responsibility. But if metaphysical philosophies sometimes seemed to collapse before the Verification Principle this is a mark of what those philosophies had become rather than of any merely negative cynicism on Ayer's part. I suspect that the hostility to Ayer's doctrines which has sometimes flourished is a symptom of the horror felt by his opponents at the revelation of their own emptiness. Yet to dwell on this would be to suggest that the most important achievement of *Language, Truth and Logic* was to make a bonfire of rubbish. And it is certainly more than this, even if one holds, as I have done here, that its doctrines have been superseded.

For philosophy does not consist of a set of finished results. The solution of philosophical problems is partly to set out, move by move, the history of the development of those problems. In this dialectic we all come, sooner or later, to the point at which we have either to transcend or to fall victim to that final stage of empiricism, logical positivism. *Language, Truth and Logic* is a permanent statement of the positivist moment in the dialectic of philosophical progress.

On Denoting

The king of France, they say, is bald[1],
And yet there is no king of France.
How is the king, then, always called
To thread the mazes of the dance
Honoured by the grave logicians?

When soldier Nobody appears
At the next turning of the road[2],
The mule of Discourse bucks and rears
Kicking its heels against the goad –
Spare us and save, Academicians!

There is a one and only one
Such that he's royal, French and bald,
And this is false; and no man's son
(And this is true) is Nothing called.
So run the spells of the magicians[3].

J. M. CAMERON

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[1] Bertrand Russell, 'On Denoting', *Mind*, 1905.

[2] "Who did you pass on the road?" the King went on, holding out his hand to the Messenger for some hay. "Nobody," said the Messenger. "Quite right," said the King; "this young lady saw him too. So of course Nobody walks slower than you." ' Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass*.

[3] *cf* '. . . at least one linguistic moral philosopher claims to have cured a young man's nihilism by pointing out to him that the logic of the expression "nothing matters" is different from that of "nothing chatters".' Ernest Gellner, *Words and Things*.

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After Sharpeville

Road to Ghana. By ALFRED HUTCHINSON. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Prohibited Immigrant. By JOHN STONEHOUSE. *Bodley Head.* 21*s.*

It is a measure of the pace of events in Africa that a first draft of a review of these two books became irrelevant within a week. Sharpeville, and what has happened since that massacre in this country and the world at large, have altered our perspective. 'Things will never be the same again in the Union of South Africa . . . The immediate future is an open race between the exponents of a now manifestly bankrupt policy and those who would save the Union from its consequences.' Thus the opening and closing sentences of *The Times* leader on 26 March: and thus the plain, unvarnished, incontestable truth. Yet only during the previous week Mr Macmillan had said to a great audience in London: 'I do not believe in refusing to trade with people just because of the way they manage some of their internal affairs.' What has happened is, quite simply, a sudden leap into realism. The pictures of Sharpeville, splashed across the pages of every newspaper in the country, brought home at last the reality of *apartheid.* 'The way they manage some of their internal affairs' was at last seen in its naked truth as an assault on those very values for which millions died, in gas-chamber as well as on the battlefield, only twenty years ago. That short burst of rifle and sten-gun fire in the location outside Vereeniging has, quite literally, changed the course of history in South Africa. And the still, quiet figures lying in the dust, with their tattered clothing and their bare feet the badges of their poverty, will be a symbol. 'They must learn the hard way' said the police officer in charge of the shootings at Sharpeville. He was speaking truer than he knew. 'The hard way' for white South Africa began as soon as the echoes of the shooting died away across the veldt: as soon, that is, as the world woke up to what had happened: as soon as *apartheid* was seen in its reality.

These two books are intensely relevant in themselves to what is happening in Africa today. My review of them was irrelevant because it was written before Sharpeville, and therefore before the mass of people in this country had been awakened. I hope with all my heart that they will be widely read and deeply pondered. And I hope this all the more fervently because it is so fundamentally important that the lessons of this week should not be lost in a haze of emotional indignation and anger.

We know *now* what the Pass Laws can do. But the Pass Laws have been in existence for a generation and more: and they have been effective in building up racial tension ever since they were first used. Listen to Hutchinson's brief description:

> Prisoners were pouring in. The pick-up vans and ambulances swung into the yard, disgorged and swung out again. Prisoners were queueing at street corners when the 'ghost squad' was demanding passes. You forgot your pass at home – prison. You went to the corner-shop and left your pass in your jacket – prison. You went to the communal lavatories without it – prison. You lost your job and failed to get another in the prescribed time – prison – endorsement out of the urban area . . .

The road to Ghana would not have been necessary for this young, attractive African intellectual if those in power in South Africa had been confronted with the strength of world opinion ten years ago instead of today. Hutchinson's book tells, in vigorous, lively and often most powerful phrase, the story of the impact of *apartheid* on the life of an individual. It has driven him (and he is not the only one) into exile. It has also given him an opportunity, which many thousands of his fellow-countrymen cannot have, of self-expression. He has used this opportunity most effectively: and not least effectively in describing those, of all races, who helped or hindered or merely talked with him on his fantastic journey.

In a sense Mr Stonehouse's book is both complementary to and a contradiction of Mr Hutchinson's. Complementary because it describes so accurately (and so depressingly) the kind of neutral attitudes which in the end build up an *apartheid* society: contradictory because, whilst Hutchinson had to get out in order to be free, Stonehouse can no longer get in in order to express the kind of freedom for which the Commonwealth professedly stands.

'Partnership' is the operative word in the preamble to the constitution of the Central African Federation; by which I mean that the only possible moral justification for the federal idea is that of a true and valid partnership at every level of race relations. *Prohibited Immigrant* tells how Stonehouse and his wife set about creating partnership in the form of the co-operative. To many in this country the name of the author was associated with one meeting in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, which aroused the wrath of European settlers as an 'interference in their affairs'. In fact, to anyone reading this book objectively, the truth that stands out above all others is the immense patience and care that its author took on every occasion *not* to interfere but to build constructively. It is a book which is often critical of African leadership and often widely and imaginatively sympathetic to white 'settler' problems – even whilst seeing these problems as the creation of the settler himself. Over and over again Stonehouse pays tribute to the local colonial administrator. And the picture that emerges is by no means that of simple issues stupidly over-simplified by an already partisan, left-wing approach. Yet it is just this picture of John Stonehouse that has so often been built up in this country. By whom? Why? In whose interests?

If Central Africa is to be saved from the long and agonising reappraisal now beginning farther south, it has very, very little time. A great deal can be learned from books like *Prohibited Immigrant* and *Road to Ghana.* But only if they find their place on the bedside tables of Harold Macmillan and Roy Welensky. Perhaps, since Sharpeville, they do.

TREVOR HUDDLESTON, C.R.

Prohibited Immigrant

JOHN STONEHOUSE, M.P.

"Mr Stonehouse has a deep understanding of African aspirations. His book may not be palatable to white supremacists but will be valuable to those who are searching for the truth." *Alan Paton*

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A novel of India by the author of *Elephant Hill,* winner of last year's Harper Prize. "The whole book gains force from the quiet, unhurried distinction of (Mr White's) prose, an instrument beautifully adapted for extracting the last ounce of subtlety from any statement." *The Times*

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BODLEY HEAD

Nervous Christianity

The Dust of Combat: A Life of Charles Kingsley. By ROBERT BERNARD MARTIN. *Faber.* 25*s.*

It is unsettling to have one's views of the Victorians disturbed at this late stage in life. Of *them,* at least, we had felt sure. There were no mysteries left to be explored. All the best recent studies of Victorian men and women – Mrs Miller's Browning, Mr Pope-Hennessy's Houghton, Mr Alastair Buchan's Bagehot – have only served to draw the accustomed lines more firmly and gracefully on the canvas.

Not so Professor Martin, whose very readable biography gives one quite a new and unattractive picture of the author of *The Water Babies.* 'How a good clergyman', he told his mother, 'must understand the human mind' – but he seems hardly to have understood his own, let alone anyone else's. Kingsley is far from being the 'cheerful, beneficent, firm' figure of popular imagination. There is a slyness about the man that one had not expected to find in the midst of so many fishing-rods, so many tramps abroad, so much muscular chat. It comes out especially in his courtship of Fanny Grenfell. 'Counsel your poor children and let them see a little of each other', he implored Mrs Kingsley, making a most un-Victorian plea for his mother to arrange a clandestine rendez-vous. And for his future wife, he composed a set of special prayers for use during their separation, petitioning 'that it may please thee to turn the hearts of our families *and to teach them thy truth!* . . . That it may please thee to preserve us through all the miseries and temptations of celibacy . . .

As Professor Martin shows, Kingsley had something of a fixation about celibacy. Half his loathing for the Roman Church arose from the fact of her celibate priesthood. His life of St Elizabeth of Hungary ('the only healthy Popish saint') was intended as a wedding-present for his wife.

> and nearly all that remains is a long rambling preface, addressing Fanny on the dangers of celibacy and monasticism, and a series of pen and ink illustrations. It was into these drawings that Kingsley poured his real energy; they are not particularly skilful, but the passionate, perhaps overwrought, interest he displayed in the nude female figure is a clear example of the

> inextricable tangle which sex and religion formed in his mind . .

In another passage, Professor Martin suggests that one reason for Kingsley's trumpeting uxoriousness was a sneaking fear that his brother Henry might be a homosexual.

His Christian Socialist friends, so bold, yet so timid – one likes to think of the agnostic J. A. Froude trampling down their timorous unorthodoxies! – make (all but the admirable F. D. Maurice) a rather comic appearance in the present volume. In his exchanges with the fussing Ludlow, Kingsley sounds a little like Mr Pooter arguing with his friend Gowing. Certainly, he ended in the dead centre of the C. of E. The clergyman who told his wife 'that I'm not fond, you know, of going into churches for private prayer. We must go up into the chase in the evenings, and pray there with nothing but God's cloud temple between us and His heaven,' became a Chaplain to the Queen, tutor to the Prince of Wales, a Canon of Westminster and of Chester and the Regius Professor of History at Cambridge. 'Look, we have come through!' is the ideal motto for the eminent heterodox.

We are sufficiently in Kingsley's debt for two reasons. First, because he wrote *Westward Ho!* – that 'good, thundering, honest, lie', as Chesterton called it, the world's longest holiday task, a book that has at one time followed most of us about summer beaches, trailing in our wake like a huge and faithful red setter Secondly, Kingsley made Newman's *Apologia* possible. If his 'incessant excitement', as Chesterton rightly remarked, 'was a great deal more like Nervous Christianity than Muscular Christianity', this may have been because, like Ruskin, 'he seemed to want all parts of the Cathedral except the altar'.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Public Face of a Successful Man

The Truth About a Publisher. By STANLEY UNWIN. *Allen & Unwin.* 25s.

Sir Stanley, characteristically thorough, begins his autobiography with an account of his origins that makes him immediately plain to us. It explains many things about him including that significant Victorian tie-ring. He is the product of a nineteenth-century nonconformist current, one of those living ideological streams in which the spirit of primitive accumulation is able to renew itself in combination with progressive aims.

He was born in 1885, seventh son of a congregationalist printer, and brought up in the SE London suburbs. Among his god-parents, you feel, were Samuel Smiles to endow him with persistent industry and self-improvement and the Fairy Blackstick to wish him her usual, a little misfortune to strengthen the character. His father must by any standards have been a corker. His 'capacity for extempore prayer was unrivalled'. On Stanley's eighteenth birthday he wrote: 'I believe you have sufficient ballast in the way of character to keep you from the allurements of the big city.' And seldom indeed can a youth have seemed so Babylon-proof as this model adolescent who had been hard at work since the age of 15. His mother was clearly a remarkable woman with a saintly flexibility that may have helped to temper paternal rigidity. Sir Stanley tells a moving story of her refusing to allow one of her elder sons to be certified when he had become dangerously violent and insisting on nursing him herself until he recovered. She accompanied Sir Stanley on some of his travels and sat knitting or sleeping, for she had the Napoleonic gift of dropping off at will, in the city squares of central Europe while her son made his calls on booksellers. Sir Stanley, for all his self-reliance, was a harmonious home-bird, so much so that for some time after his marriage he and his wife were perfectly happy living first with his parents, then with hers.

The family printing business had suffered badly in a fire and after a very hard-up period of apprenticeship in Leipzig learning bookselling, Sir Stanley joined his step-uncle T Fisher Unwin, whose imprint, though he published George Moore, Wells, Galsworthy, and best-sellers like de Vere Stacpoole and Etnel M. Dell, was distinguished more for its panache than its stability. While increasing the profits the nephew suffered much frustration from the uncle's caprices until he broke away in 1912 and went round the world – 18 months for £400 – studying the book trade. A few days after he had bought up Allen and founded his own firm the first war broke out and nearly ruined him. (In the second world war he lost his entire sheets stock, nearly a million and a half books, in one night.)

In the second half of the book, which tells the firm's success story, publishing naturally predominates. There is a fair quota of anecdote, such as selling out a long dormant edition of *Praeterita* by retitling it 'The Autobiography of Ruskin'; a brush with Sir Archibald Bodkin, a singularly obtuse and philistine Director of Public Prosecutions who seemed to have wanted to censor even medical books, and a nice feeling for period: I liked the glimpse of Ramsay MacDonald in the early Twenties arriving for lunch, after kissing hands at Buckingham Palace, at the 1917 Club, where I suppose you could hardly flick a starchless bread pellet without hitting an Allen & Unwin author.

As he has shown in *The Truth About Publishing*, Sir Stanley has a remarkable gift for exposition. His accounts of publishing problems, whether handling a best-seller like *Kon Tiki*, a bill for excess proof corrections from a difficult academic author, or entertaining a foreign book-trade delegation, have a strangely compelling clarity. Everything he writes about the book trade, including the reprints of letters to *The Times*, is very well worth reading. He is also fairly frank about his commercial acumen and you believe him when he says that he might have been a millionaire if he had had the itch. He gives one or two open displays of that accountant's mentality which is probably inseparable from successful publishing, as when he comments defensively on Maugham's remarks in *The Summing Up* on Fisher Unwin's agreement for *Liza of Lambeth*, which reminds one rather of Adam's immortal contract with his publisher in *Vile Bodies*.

An aura of depersonalisation, if not indeed self-righteousness, is perhaps inseparable from the public face that seems to be so free from human frailty; Sir Stanley's style of life is so perfectly balanced that even his teetotalism seems somehow offset by his passion for tennis. Yet there are several signs of that 'unexpected warmth' which the firm's blurb-writer has attributed to his boss. They include humour and marked tenderness towards children and a strain of mystical simplicity which cannot, surely, be cultivated. If I could afford to keep a publisher as a pet I am not sure that Sir Stanley would not be my choice after all: of the lot, he would certainly give me the best advice.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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Lonesome Day

Blues Fell this Morning. By PAUL OLIVER. *Cassell.* 30*s*.

In 1936 an otherwise wholly unknown Negro convict was brought to a studio where, before breaking down and being led back to jail, he recorded his testament, and yours, and mine, which begins as follows:

> Now the day's been a long, lonesome day.
> – D'ya heah me talkin' to ya, did ya heah what I say?
> Lord, the day has been a long, old lonesome day,
> And now 'morrow eeh, Lord, will be the same old way.
> I been to the Nation, round the Territo',
> – You heah me talkin' to ya, gotta reap what ya sow,
> I been all round the Nation, and round the Territo',
> But I found no heaven on earth, Lord, nowhere I go.

Mr Paul Oliver's marvellous book contains the whole of this poem and 349 other blues, grouped under subject-headings and linked by a descriptive commentary on American Negro life. Strictly speaking, a reviewer need say no more than this, for anyone who does not rush to get hold of this book, will not wish to read further.

Blues Fell This Morning has the advantages and drawbacks of a book written by a collector with the combination of scholarship and overmastering passion peculiar to the man who knows that his hobby is really important. Mr Oliver is one of the tiny band of devotees who, recognising that the blues are the most powerful form of popular art invented anywhere in the modern world, and a unique documentary of the feelings of those who are normally inarticulate, spend years transcribing and sifting the thousands of examples of this very amply recorded genre. This book is the first instalment of his results. It is not about the blues as an art form, or about its development, but – except for some incidental and intelligent observations – entirely about its subject matter. It is long on description, much shorter on analysis. Thus it does not make it very clear that the blues is not the voice of the Negro people, but of a special group of blues-singers, though these are as near to the randomly chosen man or woman in the street as any artist is likely to get. But they are not the same, even when distinct from their public only by that slightly greater rebelliousness which makes 'Lightning' Hopkins of Houston say in a recent *Jazz Review*: 'So I took to living off gambling and my singing never had nothing to do with people that call me "boy" and then wait for me to say "yessuh" '.

Though the blues is a documentary of Negro life, it is therefore not a *representative* documentary: the blues-singers are a-religious or irreligious, they have mothers but no children (for they are rolling people), they have no union and no politics, except for a remote hero-worship of F. D. Roosevelt and a few leftwing ideas introduced by the Radical discoverers and patrons of the art. (Who else would have taught Leadbelly to sing 'In this bourgeois town, ooh the bourgeois town, got the bourgeois blues, gonna spread the news aroun' '?) Blues-singers are more likely to be pimps and murderers than ordinary citizens, more likely to sing about labour than to sing work-songs. Socially speaking, they belong to the *milieu* which, in the traditional slum, includes all who have liberated themselves from the curse of drudgery - but not of poverty – *i.e.* entertainers, athletes, gamblers, criminals, and prostitutes; but though in rapidly swelling ghettoes the line between the labouring poor and the independent poor is vague, the two groups are not the same; not even in Soho. Mr Oliver need not therefore defend all Negroes against what many blues show their life to be like, though he tends to do so.

Nevertheless, the blues, in which nobody lies or keeps up appearances, are unique documents, and with quite enough universality about them. Here, accurate and implacable as candid camera shots, is what it feels like to be alone, resentful but accepting, coloured and poor. Here is what it feels like to leave with wet clothes because there is not enough money to dry them before the gas-fire; to compensate for oppression by making aggressive love to your woman; to be a working-class homosexual; to be put (against one's ignorant will) into a TB sanatorium; to work oneself to the point of breakdown; to get out of town. Here is the quickest way out of Nashville, drink and sex – there is an unsystematic but useful discussion of the sexual symbolism of the blues – and the longer way out, to Detroit. Here is the terrible snobbishness of light against dark ('I don't want no woman if her hair ain't longer than mine'), the law that is not justice, the vast machine of oppression which can be temporarily sidestepped but not shifted. And here is that definitive despair which made Leadbelly say 'Never was a white man had the blues 'cause nothin' to worry about', and with it the explanation why the blues is a Negro song.

This is a book of the utmost importance. Anyone who considers men and women to be more than voters or subjects for administration must read it.

FRANCIS NEWTON

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Henderson the Rain King,
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JOHN K. HUTCHENS
Daily Book Critic for the
New York *Herald Tribune*

EUDORA WELTY
Author of
The Ponder Heart,
Delta Wedding etc.

Send manuscripts or write to:
The Harper Prize Novel Contest
HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y.

James's First

Watch and Ward. By HENRY JAMES. Introduction by LEON EDEL. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s*.

James's first novel, effectively out of print for eighty years, turns out to be a delightful moral comedy. Roger, a dullish young man, adopts Nora, a destitute orphan child, a few hours after he has been turned down by an ambitious young lady. Gradually he comes to a decision to make Nora his wife, but is scrupulous about not claiming anything on account of gratitude; Nora grows from a gawky girl to a beautiful young woman (it is Europe, again, that supplies the bloom to a New Englander), and is courted by a cousin of Roger's, and by a cousin of her own. Startled by Roger's eventual proposal, she turns to the two suitors; the situation reveals in one a predatory greed, in the other a trifling conventionality. Nora sees that Roger is the only one with a heart, and the story has a happy ending – and, what's more, a happy ending which can, just, be swallowed.

A suicide, an illness, and a number of chance encounters in Boston and New York help the story to bowl along, but the real hinges of the plot are the moral natures of the characters. Protective affection plays on innocence; innocence lies wide open to greed and self-regard; but these in their turn are exposed by innocence which, now aware of the reality of greed and self-regard, can begin to apprehend the latent depths in protective affection.

So here we have some characteristic James features; in the moral situation, in the character of the young American girl who confronts the world with innocence and eagerness, and who by virtue of these qualities enjoys freedoms and unconventionalities denied to the mere sophisticated. And there is in Nora a foreshadowing of that moral fastidiousness we find in Isabel Archer and Milly Theale. But I cannot agree with Mr Edel that James's fault in this novel 'was that of most first-novelists: he tried to cram all his future performances into the single work; and he achieved a fiction rich in thematic material and overstuffed in performance.' There are these hints and foretastes - Mr Edel points to a first appearance, on an old lady in Central Park, of that green eye-shade that so effectively hid Juliana's burning eyes in *The Aspern Papers*. But *Watch and Ward* is not crammed or clotted: the texture is simple, sharp and witty:

> He felt as if to settle down to an unread author were very like starting on a journey, - a case for farewells, packing trunks, and buying tickets . .
>
> This lady had completely rounded the cape of matrimony and was now buoyantly at anchor in the placid cove of well-dowered widowhood.

Though published first as a book in 1878, the novel was originally serialised in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1871. Perhaps the serialisation accounts for the evenly spaced climaxes; and the final paragraph, with a glance at the later fortunes of the characters, is in ripe nineteenth-century magazine style. But the freedom with which James renders Roger's feelings for Nora, which goes a good deal further than pre-Freudian innocence, is not in the *Atlantic* style at all, and we don't wonder that

Howells, the editor, jibbed a bit. Accomplished, fresh, solidly based on ideas about life as well as observation of life, *Watch and Ward* establishes a claim – in spite of its author's view of it – to displace *Roderick Hudson* as the first work in the James canon.

JANET ADAM SMITH

The Haze Remains

Cyprus Guerrilla. By DOROS ALASTOS. *Heinemann. 21s.*

Another book about Cyprus, this time by a Greek Cypriot. It has, therefore, at least one great merit: it counter-balances the highly prejudiced versions of the Cyprus struggle which have so far come from the other side. It is a relief to have someone write about Cyprus without seeing black every time Makarios's name is mentioned, someone who makes us see that the 'terrorists', whatever their faults, were driven on by what to them were the highest motives and whose survival through four years of intensifying counter-attack was a feat of courage and endurance that mere political invective cannot explain away. Doros Alastos has at least begun to get the perspective right. None the less, his book still gives us a sketchy, impressionist picture rather than the fully documented one for which we are waiting. One of the reasons is that Mr Alastos, though born and bred a Cypriot, left the island 29 years ago. He does not tell us what he has been doing since, but he makes it clear that most of the book is based on conversations he has had with Cypriots on his return following the signing of the London agreement.

Since he talked with a number of those who fought with or actively helped Eoka, these conversations are not without interest and value. And since he has set his stories in a framework of historical fact, giving us details of the conferences and constitutions which were the milestones along this tragic road, his book is more informative and makes more sense than most about this explosive subject. But to anyone who has followed the Cyprus problem closely, the book becomes annoyingly vague just when one wants it to be precise. And to anyone approaching the subject for the first time it could convey some misleadingly hazy impressions.

It is not that Mr Alastos is unfair, but rather the opposite. He is obviously at great pains to be objective. He criticises the Labour government for its cavalier treatment of Cypriot claims in 1948, yet praises the Labour opposition for its efforts to end the struggle in 1954-59. He goes out of his way to tell one story after another of the humanity of British soldiers during the early stages of the conflict, while hinting at rougher behaviour later on. Within the context of his general disapproval of British government policy, he is surprisingly mild in some of his comments. And although he is full of the heroism of the Eoka fighters, he implies that towards the end the practice of violence began to corrode the high standards with which they began. He even shows some sympathy for Turkish fears. The whole effect is a muted and rather inconclusive one: perhaps because the author is anxious not to disturb the precarious equilibrium of the recent settlement.

All this makes a readable and civilised book, but it does not go very deep. It is surprising that, with his inside contacts, Mr Alastos has so little to tell us about the things we really want to know. How far was Makarios the accomplice of Grivas in the planning and use of violence? Mr Alastos is vague about this. Were the Grivas diaries a forgery? Mr Alastos merely comments that their appearance was 'altogether too convenient a coincidence.' Was Mrs Cutliffe's murder an Eoka crime? The author has no light to throw on this. As for the political intrigues in London, Athens and Ankara, Mr Alastos obviously knows no more than any other outside observer. He cannot tell us, for instance, if the British government had secretly promised the Turks to partition Cyprus, as the Turks alleged. Perhaps it is too soon for questions like this to be answered by anyone. But because of this one cannot help wondering if it is not too soon for all these books.

BARBARA CASTLE

A Mob of Gentlemen?

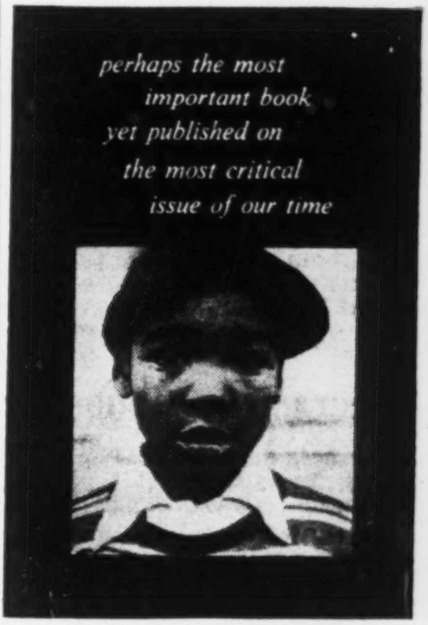
The Sciences Were Never at War. By GAVIN DE BEER. *Nelson. 30s.*

I am puzzled to know for whom this book is intended. Its somewhat catchpenny title suggests that it is aimed at the general reader, but its lack of guidance to the uninstructed – guidance which Sir Gavin is well qualified to give – suggests that it is rather a valuable source-book for the scientific or social historian. It is a collection of transcripts of the correspondence written when the two countries were at war between various eminent French and English men of science.

The letters deal with what would now be regarded as scientific administration: arrangements for the preservation and return of collections of natural history specimens found in captured ships, interchange of publications, and passports for men of science. Although even during the latter years of the Napoleonic wars there was also correspondence about scientific ideas and experiments, this does not form part of the present collection.

The author is chiefly concerned to show that scientists of both nations did their best to minimise the inconveniences caused to each other by their nations being at war. Sir Gavin implies that this happened because both sides recognised what he calls 'the sacred freedom of science to follow the truth wherever it may lead', but one suspects that in the eighteenth century it may have been rather a reflection of the general reluctance on non-combatants to pay much attention to a war. One thinks, for example, of Gibbon in 1756, living in Lausanne and corresponding with Crevier about the text of Livy.

Things were different during the Napoleonic wars, though the English who flocked to Paris after the peace of Amiens showed that it was not only scientists who wanted to resume contact with France. The fact that in 1804 the president of the Royal Society sent the *Nautical Almanac* to France, thus providing that country with an important aid to navigation in the year of Napoleon's projected invasion of England, is therefore sufficiently remarkable to make one consider the reasons for it. Was it because to do so was an essential part of the freedom of science, or simply because Sir Joseph Banks, who was a patron of science rather than a scientist, was unaware of its military importance? One suspects the latter. The day of the professional scientist had not yet come. The distinction between science and other polite accomplishments which we deplore today had not yet arisen, and the Royal Society at that time was mainly a club of gentlemen with an interest in natural history. Their blameless activities in cataloguing the flora and fauna of their own



The People that Walk in Darkness

by J. W. Schulte Nordholt

Just occasionally a manuscript arrives of such disturbing power that it would be an act of almost criminal negligence not to publish.
'The People That Walk in Darkness' is one such book. The story of the American Negro, his trials, his triumphs, his long agonies and brief glories. Its treatment is objective, authoritative and wise. Its impact is shattering

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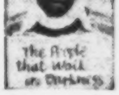

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and foreign lands had no obvious relevance to the war, and it is perhaps not surprising if their president did not recognise the *Nautical Almanac* as belonging to a different category.

The status of science and the Royal Society is underlined by Sir Joseph Banks and Lord Shaftesbury, who both refer to the former's success in securing repatriation of several British citizens about 1805 as being due to his influence in 'literary circles' in Paris. What would Sir Charles Snow give to be able to refer to the present Royal Society as a 'literary circle' in London?

T. L. COTTRELL

Britain and the Rising Sun

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. Second Series Vol. 8 : Chinese Questions, 1929-1931. *HMSO.* 80*s*.

When an international crisis happens it would be nice to know what information the British government possesses which is not to be found in the press. Usually it is very little. This volume, a third of which is about the start of Japanese aggression and the Manchurian crisis thirty years ago, shows this very well. It is a part of the official publication of despatches, telegrams and Foreign Office memoranda about British foreign policy in the years between the wars, and is intended as the first of a series of volumes on British policy in the Far East. It seems that over the Manchurian crisis the ambassadors and the Foreign Office took just the views which have been attributed to them. They were ordinarily intelligent people, ordinarily well informed. Sir Francis Lindley, the Ambassador in Tokyo, appears as having a rather exceptional understanding of Japan. At one stage he was already envisaging the possibility of the action which, ten years later, was to precipitate Pearl Harbour - a direct intervention with the Japanese Emperor by the foreign governments behind the backs of the Japanese Government. The general aim was to stop the trouble in the quickest possible way, and the diplomats had their eye too much on the ball to take very long views. The volume stops in the middle of December 1931, when the Lytton Commission was being set up. During November there had been hints that America was willing to go further than the League of Nations Council in putting pressure on Japan. The famous exchange between Sir John Simon and Mr Stimson over sanctions will presumably be dealt with in the next volume.

One of the figures flitting in and out of the telegrams, supplying news before the ambassadors have it, making suggestions when others are stumped, exhorting and admonishing, is the League of Nations official and head of its health organisation, Dr Ludwig Rajchman. For the next five years he was to play an extraordinary role behind the scenes in China; he was the *éminence grise* of the Sino-Japanese quarrel. It showed what an enterprising League official could do in those days, even if, strictly speaking, he was a health expert, not a politician. For a short time, Dr Rajchman was Delegate of the Council of the League at Nanking, in which post he tried to organise a spate of Western economic aid to China in order to enable it to stand on its own feet against Japan. If Nanking had listened to the advice of the European experts he brought out, especially the experts on land reform, its life might have been longer.

The two-thirds of the book which is not about the Manchurian crisis is about the abortive negotiations between Britain and China for the rendition of Weihaiwei and the surrender of extra-territorial rights. This is less lively reading. The juxtaposition of the two sets of events is revealing. Britain's star in the Far East had begun to move towards its setting, though this was not grasped by many people, and though the negotiations with Nanking were suspended. At the same time, the Rising Sun was taking to war to accelerate its rising. Nobody reading the telegrams of the ambassadors could have dreamed that China would end up as the principal power in the Far East. Nobody foresaw the present power relations, or the speed of the transformations which have brought them about. That may be the main reflection left behind after reading these documents of the time.

GUY WINT

The Enemy in Verse

One-Way Song. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Methuen.* 15*s*.

Wyndham Lewis was one of those writers, more common last century than now (though his *bête noire* D. H. Lawrence was also among them), who come to literature with their minds almost entirely made up. Experience of life did not change his opinions; it merely confirmed them. His work over the years showed much diversity but little in the way of development. From the beginning he had his fixed image of himself as 'The Enemy'. The works of such a writer appear in the memory as a conglomeration rather than as a number of separate books; all refer to one another, and any one of them is perhaps not finally comprehensible without reference to the whole.

One-Way Song, his sole incursion into verse, now reprinted with an introduction by T. S. Eliot, stands in relation to his prose works much as *Pansies* do to Lawrence's novels and essays: it states a familiar position in a fresh way. As a piece of writing, it could scarcely be more uneven, though this may be said of most of Lewis's prose. At its best, it helps to substantiate Eliot's claim that Lewis is 'one of the permanent masters of style in the English language'. The question, Eliot suggests, is whether the style attracts or repels. But conceivably it may do both at once; and though the reader who comes to *One-Way Song* without some acquaintance with the prose Lewis will certainly be at a disadvantage, it will say little for him if he is not impressed by the extraordinary vigour of the 'If So the Man You Are' sequence. Whether it is poetry seems hardly relevant: it is Lewis writing as only Lewis could.

WALTER ALLEN

The Unification of South Africa 1902-1910 by L. M. Thompson (Oxford, 50s) describes the events culminating in the inauguration of the Union. The latest volume of *Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939*, edited by Rohan Butler and J. P. T. Bury, deals with *German Affairs, 1920* (HMSO, 70s). No. 7 of St Antony's Papers is on *Far Eastern Affairs (No. 2)* edited by G. F. Hudson (Chatto & Windus, 16s).

Reprints include the late E. J. Dent's *Alessandro Scarlatti, His Life and Work* (Arnold, 30s) - the text unaltered from the first edition in 1905, though Mr Frank Walker contributes notes summarising new knowledge acquired since Dent wrote.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,571 **Set by William Salter**

'Jean, étonne-moi!' Diaghilev used to order the young Cocteau. Competitors are invited to astonish me, in not more than 120 words. Entries by Monday, 11 April.

Result of No. 1,568 **Set by Brian Hill**

The usual prizes are offered for the best translation of the following lines by Gautier.

Qu'est-ce que le tombeau? - Le vestiaire où l'âme,
Au sortir du théâtre et son rôle joué,
Dépose ses habits d'enfant, d'homme ou de femme,
Comme un masque qui rend un costume loué.

Report

'Curses,' added V.E.N., 'on Gautier's deceptive simplicity'; and, indeed, there are traps. 'Role' and 'costume', for instance: since they appear in the original, would it not be better to avoid them in translation? 'Cloakroom', too, although a correct rendering, suggests clothes not left, but collected at curtain fall. But these are small points of criticism. The entry was large, the standard high and I can only say of my final list that these are the translations, faithful or free, that pleased my own taste. I suggest a guinea each to R. Kennard Davis, Barbara Roe and Blue Solver; and a half-guinea to F.C.C., Elizabeth McCann, Martin Robertson and D. Rothenberg. Runners-up: Dera Cooper, Lisa Goulding, J.B.S., A. M. Sayers, Sonia Watson-Taylor, Norman Denny and Michael David.

The tomb's a theatre wardrobe, where are laid
The costumes of the parts each soul has played,
Woman or child or man, as back to store
The masker brings the borrowed robes he wore.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

What are our graves but actors' dressing rooms?
There we deposit, when we quit the stage,
Our guise of man or woman, youth or age,
Like maskers who return their borrowed plumes.

BARBARA ROE

Come say - what is the tombe?
Only a tiring-roome
Where Soule walks from the stage
When endes the plaie's last page.
There hee his parte laies downe,
Stripps offe his mummer's gowne –
Some borrow'd guise of childe
Or man or mother-milde.

BLUE SOLVER

What is the grave? A green-room where the soul
Leaving the stage, having fulfilled its role,
Sheds his, or hers, or but a child's attire –
The player who returns the clothes he had on hire.

F.C.C.

What is the tomb? A green room where the soul
Moves from the theatre having played its role;
Man, woman, child - our costumes there are laid
Like borrowed plumes after a masquerade.

ELIZABETH MCCANN

The grave? It's nothing but a dressing-room
Where, as the theatre empties, the show done,
Each soul puts off his part: child, woman, man
– A masker handing in a hired costume.

MARTIN ROBERTSON

What is the tomb? The cloakroom where the soul
Must quit the scenes of wild applause and flops,
Give up its off-beat jeans, milady's stole,
Like any mummer handing in his props.

D. ROTHENBERG

City Lights

Mr Maudling's Muddle

More and more people, with nothing much else to do for the moment, seem to have been reading about the European negotiations and discovering that things are going extremely badly. Twenty countries, the 18 OEEC countries, Canada and the United States, have been talking in Paris this week, but they are lucky to have achieved even a short breathing-space. The Common Market Commission has suggested that the Six should accelerate their programme, making a sharper cut than was planned in their internal tariffs this July and taking the first step towards a common external tariff: this first step inevitably means an increase in the tariffs of the low-tariff countries, Germany and Benelux, with which Britain does the greater part of her European trade. Tempers are now getting frayed.

The Seven, in an attempt to gain time, want to cut all European tariffs by the same amount in July and leave it at that. This suggestion will be ignored. Indeed, the Six seem in a mood to reject any suggestion which does not imply a major concession as another perfidious attempt to hamper their progress towards unity. They are anxious for the first formal step towards unity to be taken now, and this inevitably implies discrimination against outsiders. Mr Maudling seems still to be hoping that Dutch and German businessmen, worried at the idea of being shut into Europe, will make their voices heard and that Dr Erhard, who has been cutting tariffs to counter inflation and is strongly opposed to raising them again, will not continue to toe the line so meekly to Dr Adenauer. But the politicians and the Common Market Commission have the wind behind them at the moment, and the US government seems ready, in a discreetly ambiguous sort of way, to give them its full support.

* * *

The government's new bill for regulating building societies seems almost too complicated for the job. Limits are to be laid down on the amounts societies may lend in any year to companies or in lumps of over £5,000, with an automatic reduction in these limits if they have already lent more than so much in such ways. There are to be new regulations about the way in which they may invest their money. The Registrar is to be given increased powers to prevent societies from borrowing, to petition for their winding up, to ban their advertising or undesirable features of it, to appoint inspectors, call meetings and so forth. It is all very painstaking and comprehensive, and the societies themselves are taking their time over deciding what to make of it.

The societies themselves, of course, through the Association, are partly responsible for the contents of the bill and for the decision to legislate against certain recent abuses rather than to reconsider the present position of the movement. They may well regret in time this attempt to lay down rigid legal rules, rules which will hamper the legitimate operations of some societies while not necessarily stopping the undesirable operations of others in good time. The real trouble in the past has been not that the Registrar lacked power but that he had lacked an adequate staff for so long as to become almost incapable of taking prompt and vigorous action: if the government is out merely to stop the smart boys, a reinforcement of the Registrar's department

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Issued by The Industrial Life Offices Association

would do more good than a bill with double this number of clauses.

* * *

Mr Tuke, the chairman of Barclays Bank, has been doing some more blunt speaking, this time about the suggestion that banks should compete for longer-term deposits by offering higher rates of interest. Mr Tuke is against the suggestion, apparently for three reasons: because the banks treat their funds as one pool, whatever the source; because the banks, by competing for deposits, would force up interest rates without bringing any more money into the banking system as a whole; and because any competition for outside deposits (in Treasury bills, for example, or with HP finance houses) would be bound to fail. The first reason is a simple objection to change, the third an objection to violent change; it is the second reason, a traditional hymn to the blessings of the cartel system, which is most interesting. When the banks have been so busy congratulating each other on their return to competition and enterprise, it is odd to find that they are still shocked by the idea of competing with one another on price.

Dancing for Diaghilev

The fascinating story of the Diaghilev Ballet is told by Lydia Sokolova in an exclusive series edited by Richard Buckle which begins on Sunday in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

Sokolova tells of her work with Diaghilev, Pavlova, Fokine, Nijinsky and Massine

Company News

The *Imperial Chemical* results are slightly disappointing, and not mainly because the dividend, up from 8 to 11¼ per cent, is the least expected. Turnover in the second half-year was only slightly higher than in the first half; profit margins widened slightly further, and are now at a record level which it may prove difficult to hold. ICI will have to sell more in 1960 to justify its reputation. *Parkinson Cowan,* which makes gas cookers and oil stoves, has more than doubled its profit to a new record of £728,000 and raised its dividend from 12½ to 17½ per cent. *Lombard Banking,* like *United Dominions Trust,* is taking precautions against a possible squeeze on bank credit and making a 1-for-2 rights issue. *Norcros,* the industrial holding company, has now acquired *Blythswood,* a Clyde shipbuilding firm. The chairman of *British-American Tobacco* has casually informed shareholders that the main US subsidiary, which was not expected to contribute to income till a loan had been repaid, refinanced its loan and began paying dividends some years ago: there is no sudden increase to come from that source. *Parsons,* the electrical engineering firm, has announced slightly higher profits and dividend. The figures are earlier than usual.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

542. Bobby Won't Wear A Tie

When Bobby Fischer (who had his 17 birthday a few weeks ago) first won the US Championship 2 or 3 years ago, he was invited to spend a holiday at a luxurious hotel near New York, when asked to dress for dinner or, at any rate, to put on a tie he said he'd rather not eat. He showed the same sartorial indifference when a year or two later at the Mar del Plata Tournament he stubbornly refused a natty gent's outfit offered by the hotel management. I gleaned these significant facts from a piece by Hans Kmoch in *Schach-Taschen-Jahrbuch* 1960 (S. Engelhardt Verlag Berlin, DM 6.60), a calendar containing useful data on chess masters way back in history as well as an up-to-date list of Grandmasters (58), International masters (154) and International Women masters (39). Other useful items include a survey of last year's chess events in many lands, an interesting article (by H. Grasemann) on the history of chess problems, and the addresses of all notable Federations as well as of many hundreds of individual players and problem composers all over the world. But to revert to Kmoch's interesting piece on Bobby, he tells us about the boy's stubborness in refusing to play 2nd board (behind his frequent victim Reshevsky) at the Munich Team Tournament. Bobby spends many hours each day studying Russian chess magazines; he doesn't know the language and can't be bothered to learn it nor even to attend to his prep for school, but he certainly knows Russian chess notation, and his utter absorption by the game is tantamount to monomania. Kmoch thinks that Bobby's world-wide fame stems from the game which (Black against Byrne) he won in the Rosenwald Tournament of 1956 when he was 13 years old. Kmoch calls it "the game of the century", and I tend to share his enthusiasm, even though we haven't quite seen the end of this eventful century. I forget if I published the game at the time, but if so, it can certainly bear repetition.

(1) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3, (2) P-B4, P-KKt3; (3) Kt-B3, B-Kt2; (4) P-Q4 O-O; (5) B-B4, P-Q4; (6) Q-Kt3, PxP; (7) QxBP, P-B3; (8) P-K4, QKt-Q2; (9) R-Q1, Kt-Kt3; (10) Q-B5?, B-Kt5; (11) B-KKt5, Kt-QR5!! (12) Q-R3, KtxKt (13) PxKt, KtxP!!; (14) BxP, Q-Kt3!; (15) B-B4, KtxQBP!; (16) B-B5, KR-K1 ch; (17) K-B1, B-K3!!; (18) BxQ, BxB ch, (19) K-Kt1, Kt-K7 ch; (20) K-B1, KtxP ch, (21) K-Kt1, Kt-K7 ch; (22) K-B1, Kt-B6 ch; (23) K-Kt1, PxB; (24) Q-Kt4, R-R5!; (25) QxP, KtxR (26) P-KR3, RxP (27) K-R2, KtxP (28) R-K1, RxR; (29) Q-Q8 ch, B-B1; (30) KtxR, B-Q4; (31) Kt-B3, Kt-K5; (32) Q-Kt8, P-QKt4 (33) P-R4, P-R4 (34) Kt-K5, K-Kt2, (35) K-Kt1, B-B4 ch (36) K-B1—

Byrne might as well have resigned, but he allowed the boy to announce a mate in 6, and that may serve us as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** should be veritable bargains if I reveal that both of them are draws in a rather amusing sort of way, and if I add the useful hint that, so far as **C** is concerned, there is really no reason why Black shouldn't be allowed to castle.

B: W. E. Rudolph. 1912: /3B4/1r2p3/r2p1p2/bkp1P1p1/1p1P1PPp/p1P4P/PP1K4/3B4/

C: V. Korolkov. 1951: /4kktrr/2p2p1p/P1P5/3Kt1K2/32/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 11 April.

REPORT ON NO 539 SET 12 MARCH

A: (26) R-Q8 ch!! forced immediate resignation.

B: (1) B-K7, P-R7 ch; (2) KxP, K-Q7 (3) B-R3, K-B8! K-B7? leads to immediate stalemate after BxP; (4) K-Kt3!, K-Kt8, (5) K-R4, B-B6, (6) BxP! (K-Kt3?) etc.

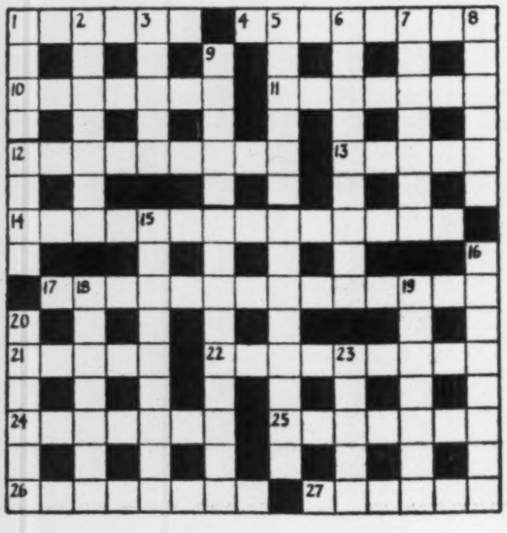
C: (1) B-K3; RxB (best); (2) RxP, R-QR6!; (3) R-Q2 ch, K-K2, (4) R-Q6!!, R-QB6 best); (5) R-QB6!, RxR; (6) K-R7 etc if (5) . R-Q6; (6) R-QB5 etc.

Quite a few corect solutions. Bouquets for **C**. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, C. H. Brown, J. F. Kahn, F. R. Oliver, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 399

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 399, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 12 April.



ACROSS

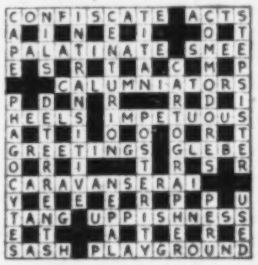
1. The rowing man went first and took part in another sport (6)
4. A golfer without rounds falls back (8).
10. He tries hard and is finished with waters (7).
11. Sinner rescued if converted (7)
12. I come between actors and theatre to act as a critic (9).
13. Sixes behead part of the field (5).
14. Evil spirit perhaps the hot people miss (14).
17 Ragged fellow who may appear literate not mad (14).
21. Make a collection for a service (5).
22. Plant to force before the spring (9).
24 Instrument which makes a tiny fellow almost take fright (7).
25. Headgear of the city in the back street (7).
26. Almost enthusiastic about latent greed for a dish (8).
27. The ball is beneath it but it may be batted (6).

DOWN

1. The headquarters has its foundations on an old game (4,4)
2. Place where there is some inducement to labour (7).
3. Last words delivered in a broken voice (5).
5. After a chaotic oriental repast, disapproves of eggs (6, 8).
6. Woman adored man promiscuously (9).
7. Hide an island under unending waters (7).
8. It is most painful so take it easy (6).
9. The editor's address is an important step involving revolution (5.9).
15. Mostly bury on condition there is no will (9).
16. Included one conclusion in another (8).
18. The crooked deal about a weapon caused a sensation (7)
19. The broken face is in a state, but this is a hazard in the mountains (7).
20. Beecham is all right for this composer (6).
23. Race for a place (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 397



C	O	N	F	I	S	C	A	T	E		A	C	T	S
A		I		N		E		I				O		T
P	A	L	A	T	I	N	A	T	E		S	M	E	E
E		S		R		T		A		C		M		P
			C	A	L	U	M	N	I	A	T	O	R	S
P		D		N		R				R		D		I
H	E	E	L	S		I	M	P	E	T	U	O	U	S
A		T		I		O		O		O		R		T
G	R	E	E	T	I	N	G	S		G	L	E	B	E
O		R		I				T		R		S		R
C	A	R	A	V	A	N	S	E	R	A	I			
Y		E		E		E		R		P		P		U
T	A	N	G		U	P	P	I	S	H	N	E	S	S
E		T				A		T		E		R		E
S	A	S	H		P	L	A	Y	G	R	O	U	N	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 397

P. Farries (Kuala Lumpur)
M. Dryburgh (Lothian)
D. Powell (London, SW1)

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Secretary of University Court.

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County Health Department
Child Guidance Service

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Particulars and application forms obtainable from Dr J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, Matlock.

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H. MARTIN WILSON
SECRETARY FOR EDUCATION
County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

NEUCHATEL JUNIOR COLLEGE NEUCHATEL, SWITZERLAND

This Canadian section of the Swiss public educational system requires a young man, under twenty-five years of age, to help organisation European tours holidays, riding, skiing, supervision, other activities during term. Cultivated background, cultural interests essential so as stimulate interest concerts, art, architecture, etc. Driving licence and ability get on with boys and girls seventeen-eighteen years age assets. Excellent opportunities learn French and German, see something Europe, North Africa.

Applications should be addressed to the Principal, Neuchâtel Junior College, Neuchâtel, Switzerland. A hand-written statement past experience, names of two referees and recent photograph should be enclosed.

MARKET RESEARCH

Psychologists, Sociologists and Research Executives with experience in market research who now wish to work in a leading research agency should write with full details of relevant experience to

Dr Mark Abrams,
Research Services Limited,
Cambridge House,
20/24 Broadwick Street, W1.

JOURNALIST specialising in communist countries requires Research Assistant with knowledge of political, social and economic developments in these countries. Knowledge of Russian essential. The job would be suitable for a recent emigré from East Europe. Quals and exper: Box 3578.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

modesty precludes our claiming we are the best source for finding a new job. Nevertheless quite a number of young secretaries are finding just what they had in mind through

STELLA FISHER BUREAU
436 Strand, Charing Cross, WC2.
TEMple Bar 6644
Licensed Annually by LCC. Member of Employment Agents' Federation

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Librarianship. Applications are invited for the post of Librarian. The incumbent will be ex officio a member of the Senate. The University libraries contain 220,000 volumes, and are rich in Far Eastern materials. Plans are complete for the building of a new Library which will house 350,000 volumes. The annual salary (superannuable) attaching to the post will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the selected candidate: either (a) £3,250 for a man or £2,450 for a woman, together with a superannuable expatriation allowance of £350 a year if applicable, or (b) £2,500 for a man or £1,900 for a woman, together with a superannuable expatriation allowance of £300 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. Applicants must possess a university degree and professional qualifications, with experience in a university library or the equivalent. First class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Accommodation at reasonable rental is provided for those receiving expatriation allowance. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 31 May 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Reader in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. The University seeks candidates with special interests and qualifications in the experimental study of the cognitive processes. Salary scale: £A2,560 – 60 – 2,800, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. It is expected that this scale will be raised in 1961. Copies of the general conditions of appointment of Readers in the University may be had on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or to the Registrar. The Calendar of the University may be seen in the Library of any University which is a member of the AUBC; housing help is available, and any further information desired will be supplied on request to the Registrar. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar, The University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 7 May 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship and Lectureship in English Literature. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned positions in the Department of English. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200 – 80 – £2,600 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £2,100 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed (at present £A34 p.a.). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 14 May 1960.

UNIVERSITY College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Applications are invited for (A) Lectureship or (B) Assistant Lectureship in Economics. Salary scales: (A) Grade I £1,600 × 50 – £1,900 p.a., Grade II £1,350 × 50 – £1,600 p.a., (B) £1,200 × 50 – £1,350 p.a., entry point determined by qualifications and experience. Passages to Salisbury for appointee, wife and dependent children on appointment, with allowance for transport of effects. Superannuation and Medical Aid Schemes. Unfurnished accommodation at rent of 15% of salary. Assistance given for triennial visits overseas. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 10 May 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MARKET Investigations Limited have an opening for a senior executive under 35 to work on consumer research programmes dealing with basic marketing problems. He will have an opportunity to pioneer new services that will greatly expand the scope of a company which has grown rapidly over the past five years. Please apply in confidence with full details to S. J. Orwell, Managing Director, 1 & 2 Berners Street, London, W1.

FULL/Part-time Secretary required by West End School. Must be capable and efficient, good general education and French shorthand an advantage. Box 3271.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL College for the Training of Youth Leaders. Appointment of Principal. Applications are invited from men and women with appropriate qualifications and experience for appointment as Principal of a National College for the Training of Youth Leaders. The college is being established at Leicester as part of the Government's plan for the expansion of the Youth Service. The appointment will be made to take effect as soon as possible, and in any case not later than 1 September 1960. The main purpose of the college will be to provide a one-year course of training for mature people who wish to take up paid full-time youth leadership as a career. Approximately 90 students (men and women) will be admitted in the first year, starting in January 1961, and thereafter approximately 140 students will be admitted annually during the life of the college, which is expected to be five years. Most of the students will be accommodated in the college or in a hostel associated with it. Salary: £2,050 × 50 – £2,250 (non-residential). Forms of application, which must be returned by 19 April, and further details may be obtained from the Secretary, Ministry of Education, Youth and Adult Services and General Branch, Curzon Street, London, W1.

RESEARCH Assistants: Foreign Office Research Department. 10 posts (1 in Grade I, 4 in Grade II, 5 in Grade III) for men or women at least 28 (Grades I or II) or 23 (Grade III) on 1.4.60 for research on historical background and current developments in foreign countries. Qualifications: normally at least 2nd class honours degree. For some posts, sound reading knowledge of Arabic, Chinese, or a Slavonic language essential. Knowledge of other languages and peoples desirable. Final year students may apply for Grade III posts. London salary scales (men): Grade I £1,780-£2,000; Grade II £1,150-£1,660; Grade III £610 (23) to £675 (25 or over) rising to £1,085. These salaries are under review. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5121/60/8. Closing date 26 April 1960.

THE Scientific Civil Service needs men and women for pensionable posts as (a) Senior Scientific Officers and (b) Scientific Officers in all major scientific fields, including Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Meteorology and Mathematics. Age limits: (a) at least 26 and under 32, (b) at least 21 and under 29. Extension for regular Forces Service and Overseas Civil Service. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g. post-graduate) experience. London salaries (men): (a) £1,233-£1,460, (b) £655-£1,150; provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting (a) S/53/60, (b) S/52/60.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in English. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should possess a good Honours Degree in English and should either hold a higher degree or be actively engaged in research work leading to a higher degree. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 13 May 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Lecturer in the History of Economic Thought. The appointment will be made for a period extending from 1 October 1960 to 31 January 1961. The salary will be on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, with membership of the Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 2 April 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant (male) in Department of Extra-Mural Studies. The person appointed will be expected to assist in the management and administration of courses in the field of social and economic studies and should have a good honours degree in an appropriate subject (e.g. history, economics, sociology). Previous experience of administrative work is not essential, and applications would be considered from persons intending to graduate this year. Initial salary not less than £700 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Duties to begin on 1 October 1960 or such earlier date as may be arranged. Applications should be sent not later than 23 April 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

TUTOR-Organiser. The Workers' Educational Association, West of Scotland District invites applications from University graduates for the post of tutor-organiser in general social science subjects. Scale £650/£1,100. Placing according to qualifications and experience. Full details and application forms from: G. Arnot, 177 Hill Street, Glasgow C3.

EXP. teacher int. in mod. technique of teaching Germ./French/Eng. (Crafts, movement, drama or P.E. asset). Box 3494.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham Faculty of Commerce and Social Science Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Economic History from 1 October 1960 An interest in European economic development of the 19th century would be an advantage but is not essential Salary scales: Assistant Lecturer £700-£850, Lecturer £900-£1,350 Applications (two copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than 14 May 1960 to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

WORKERS' Educational Association South Western District Applications are invited for the post of Tutor-Organiser in Mid Cornwall Applicants should be Honours Graduates in History, Literature or other subjects appropriate to Adult Education Salary scale £650 by £50 to £1,200 Experience and qualifications will determine commencing salary. Superannuation scheme Further details and application forms from the District Secretary, WEA, 1 Portland Square, Plymouth

LONDON County Council Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women candidates for appointment as Principal County Youth Officer Salary £1,850-£2,150 Appointment may be made above the minimum. Application forms, with full details from Education Officer (EO/Estab 2/F), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 14 April 1960. (636).

SURREY Education Committee Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for post of Vocational Guidance Officer to assist in advisory work for older school leavers Candidates should possess University degree Experience in Youth Employment work or in teaching older pupils desirable Salary, APT Division III-IV, £880 × £35/40/50 – £1,220 p a., plus London Allowance. Commencing salary according to experience and qualifications. Further particulars and application form obtainable on receipt of s a e to Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames Applications to be returned by 8 April 1960

UNIVERSITY of Exeter Rowntree Trust Housing Study – Research Assistantship Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant to assist in a local study of the social and economic aspects of rural housing. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance, renewable for a second year Salary £600-£750 according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications (six copies) should be submitted, not later than 23 April, to the Secretary from whom further particulars may be obtained

BODENHAM Manor School, Nr Hereford. Assistant teacher required at the above school at beginning of Autumn term Bodenham Manor is a Residential School for 32 maladjusted boys from 8 to 16 years under the Wardenship of W David Wills. Salary, Burnham scale plus emoluments for out of school supervision. Ability to teach Craft and Woodwork would be great advantage. Further particulars from: Mrs H A Rees, Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Rd, Bournville, Birmingham 30

ASSISTANT Mathematics teacher with general subjects required in recognised boarding grammar school for maladjusted boys of high intelligence. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Red Hill School, East Sutton, Nr Maidstone Burnham Scale

TRAINED Nursery School teacher required September as assistant in small private Nursery School Group for normal children – attached to the Hampstead Child Therapy Clinic. Hours 9-3 Apply (by letter) to Mrs M Friedmann, 12 Maresfield Gardens, London, NW3.

CITY of Sheffield Children's Department Supervisor Female, resident or non-resident, at the Girls' Remand Home (10 beds). Salary £560-£640 less residential emoluments £120 p.a. Superannuable post, medical examination. Apply giving date of birth, education, training, experience, past and present appointments (with dates) and the names and addresses of two referees to the Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield 1.

FULL-time Youth Leader wanted for Brentry Lodge Youth Centre, Bristol. Youth Service or teaching experience required. Salary scale £550 × £27 10s. to £825 plus additional increments for professional training (entry point on scale according to qualifications and experience). Teachers' superannuation scheme applies. Separate residential accommodation available if required. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Bristol Youth Committee, 27 Great George Street, Bristol, 1.

THE Mulberry Bush School (a special school for maladjusted children, fully recognised by the Ministry of Education) at Standlake, near Witney, Oxfordshire, requires a resident Deputy Matron. The successful applicant will be a member of the treatment team. Good salary and adequate free time. Apply to the Principal. (Telephone Standlake 202).

SOLICITORS require Secretary Shorthand/Typist with legal experience for Principal, 5 day week, 9.30-5.30. Good sal. Also Gen. Shorthand/typist. Adjoining Holborn tube. Apply Office Manager, Israel, Joslin & Co, 8 Southampton Row, WC1. HOL. 4011.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHILD Welfare Officers. Suitably qualified men and women, including married women wishing to re-enter employment, required as child welfare officers for area children's office at Kings Cross (subject to Council's general right to transfer staff to other areas), to deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. Area for reception purposes covers Hampstead, Paddington, St Marylebone, Westminster and St Pancras, but children under supervision are placed in establishments outside London and foster homes in central Middlesex, Bucks and Northants Considerable travelling involved and ability to drive highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of tuition available Case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer Previous experience in child care or allied social work necessary Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other appropriate academic qual. an advantage Students completing social studies courses invited to apply pending examination results £665-£965, commencing according to qual. and exp. Promotion opportunities to Senior Child Welfare Officer £850-£1,185 Application form (returnable by 14 April 1960) and details from Children's Officer (EI/NS/584/3), LCC, County Hall, London, SE1

THE Victoria Settlement, Liverpool. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of full-time Youth Leader for Girls' and Mixed Clubs with effect from 1 September 1960, or earlier if possible. The successful candidate will be expected to assist in developing experimental projects as part of a pattern of community activity in the area in which the Settlement is situated. Candidates should possess one of the following: a degree or diploma in Social Science, a diploma or certificate in Youth Leadership or a certificate in education Salary for a qualified person will be based on the Burnham Scale and accommodation at a nominal rent may also be available. Further particulars from the Hon Secretary, The Victoria Settlement, 294 Netherfield Road North, Liverpool 5, to whom applications should be sent within three weeks of the appearance of this advertisement

PONTYPOOL Educational Settlement. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Warden at the above Adult Education Centre The person appointed will carry out administrative and teaching duties in connection with the programme of the centre. Applicants should possess a degree or equivalent qualification in a subject suitable to adult education Preference will be given to those offering Music The salary will be in accordance with Grade 'A' of the Burnham Scales for teachers in establishments for further education (men £520-£1,000 p.a., women £468-£800 p.a., plus equal pay increments. Additions for qualifications and training) Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Warden, Pontypool Educational Settlement, Rockhill Road, Pontypool, Monmouthshire.

DOBROYD Castle School. Applications are invited for the following posts (joint applications will be considered) at this Home Office Approved School for 72 Senior Boys aged between 15 and 19 years. (1) Housemaster It is essential that the man appointed should have a real concern for the training of immature and unstable young men often presenting acute behaviour problems. Attitude, energy and experience are more important than qualifications, but the appointment of an applicant not possessing a Social Studies Diploma or its equivalent, would be dependent on Home Office approval Salary between £575 and £845 per annum according to age and qualifications. (2) Assistant Matron. Similar previous experience is desirable but not essential. The person appointed will be required to assist the Matron generally in matters of catering, clothing, medical attention and household maintenance The post is pensionable, and the salary scale is £420 by £20 to £520 with appropriate repayment for board, lodging and laundry. A modern house would be available if a joint appointment is made. Applications (no forms) with names of three referees, to the Headmaster, Dobroyd Castle School, Todmorden, Lancashire

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from men for appointment as Child Care Officer, salary scale APT II, £765-£880. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and supervision of older boys, and attendance at juvenile courts. Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with special experience in the child care field. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees should be sent not later than 17 April 1960, to the Children's Officer, Holly House, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

JUNIOR Assistant required for Collet's Chinese Gallery, Charing Cross Road. Rates according TU Agreement; 2 weeks holiday first year, 3 weeks subsequently. Also young clerk/typist in book export dept. Head Office. Apply: 44/45 Museum Street, WC1.

GENERAL junior studio assistant wanted for designer's office, 2 May. Lucienne Day, FLAxman 1455.

UNIVERSITY OF BAGHDAD

Foreign Staff required for Academic Year 1960-1961

Applications are invited for teaching posts in the subjects mentioned below Salaries are according to qualifications For further information and application forms please apply to the Cultural Attaché, Embassy of the Republic of Iraq, 22 Queen's Gate, London, SW7 Applications with copies of recent testimonials and copies of degree certificates, etc., to be sent direct to the Secretary General, University of Baghdad, not later than 15th May, 1960.

Field of Specialisation	*Numbers Required*	*Qualifications*
GENERAL CHEMISTRY	3	Ph.D
ORGANIC CHEMISTRY	2	Ph D
BIOCHEMISTRY	1	Ph D
PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY	2	Ph D
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTRY	1	Ph D
INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY	1	Ph D
ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY	3	Ph D
GENERAL PHYSICS	5	Ph D or M Sc
THEORETICAL PHYSICS	2	Ph D
GEOMORPHOLOGY	1	Ph D
GEOPHYSICS	3	Ph D
ELECTRICITY & ELECTRONICS	2	Ph D
GENERAL MATHEMATICS	6	Ph D
APPLIED MATHEMATICS	3	Ph D
STATISTICAL MATHS	4	Ph D
HISTORY & TEACHING METHOD OF MATHEMATICS	1	Ph D
GENERAL ZOOLOGY	3	Ph D
BOTANY	2	Ph D
BIOLOGY	2	Ph D
BACTERIOLOGY & PARASITOLOGY	1	Ph D
BACTERIOLOGY	1	Ph D
INVERTEBRATA	1	Ph D
COMPARATIVE VERTEBRATA	1	Ph D
PATHOLOGY	1	Ph D
VETERINARY PATHOLOGY	1	Ph D
VETERINARY BACTERIOLOGY	1	Ph D
VETERINARY PARASITOLOGY	1	Ph D
VETERINARY SURGERY	1	Ph D
VETERINARY CLINICAL MEDICINE	1	Ph D

(The following should have high academic standing in the field of teaching so as to assume the Chair of Professor)

Field of Specialisation	*Numbers Required*	*Qualifications*
GENERAL SURGERY	2	F R C S or Ph D or Equivalent
GYNÆCOLOGY & OBSTETRICS	1	M R C O S or Ph D or Equivalent
PEDIATRICS	1	Ph D. or Equivalent
EAR-THROAT-NOSE DISEASES	1	Ph D or Equivalent
OPHTHALMOLOGY	1	Ph.D.

Field of Specialisation	*Numbers Required*	*Qualifications*
PHARMACOLOGY	1	Ph D
PHARMACOLOGY & TOXICOLOGY	1	Ph D
MANUFACTURING PHARMACY	1	Ph D.
With good knowledge of Dispensing Pharmacy		
PHARMACY & PHARMACOLOGY	1	Ph D
ORAL SURGERY	1	
To be Head of Department and responsible for teaching Oral Surgery including Exondontia Minor Oral Surgery and Maxillo Facial Surgery		
OPERATIVE DENTISTRY	2	
To be Head of Department and to teach Tooth Anatomy, Tooth Carving and Operative Dentistry and Crown and Bridge Work		
ORAL MEDICINE & ORAL PATHOLOGY	1	
To be Head of Department and to teach Oral and Dental Pathology, Periodontology and Oral Medicine		
or	or	
ORAL MEDICINE	1	
Incl. teaching of Periodontology.		
ORAL & DENTAL PATHOLOGY	1	
Including teaching of Oral and Dental Pathology.		
DENTAL RADIOLOGY	1	
To give instructions in the principles of Radiology and Radiography including Radiographic diagnosis.		
DENTAL MATERIALS	1	
To work under the Head of Department of Prosthetic Dentistry and to give students teaching in properties and manipulation of Dental Materials (Not necessarily a Dental Surgeon, but may be a Physicist)		
ORTHODONTICS	1	
DENTAL TECHNICIAN	1	
To work in Orthodontics Department.		
DENTAL LABORATORY TECHNICIAN	1	
To work under Head of Department of Oral Pathology, to arrange preparation of pathological material for demonstrations and preparation of slides of pathological material		
IRRIGATION & DRAINAGE AND FLOOD & IRRIGATION DESIGN	3	Ph D
SOIL LABORATORY	1	M Sc or B Sc
SURVEYING	3	Ph D. or M Sc
MATERIAL TESTING LABORATORY	1	M Sc. or B Sc
POWER ENGINEERING	2	Ph D
ENGINEERING DRAWING	2	Ph D
FLUID DYNAMICS & HYDRAULICS	1	Ph D
HEAT DYNAMICS & CONDUCTION	1	Ph D
MECHANICAL DRAWING	1	Ph D.
ELECTRONICS		1 Ph D 2 M Sc or B Sc
PETROLEUM ENGINEERING		2 Ph.D., 1 M.Sc. or B.Sc
ARCHITECTURAL ENGINEERING		2 Ph.D., 1 M.Sc. or B.Sc
MECH. ENGINEERING	3	Ph.D.
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING (Power)	3	Ph.D
CIVIL ENGINEERING	2	Ph.D.
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING	1	Ph D
PALEONTOLOGY & MICROPALEONTOLOGY	1	Ph D
MECHANICS (Turning & Fitting)	4	Diploma
BRICKLAYING	2	Diploma
CARPENTRY	3	Diploma
TINSMITHING	1	Diploma
BLACKSMITHING & WELDING	1	Diploma
GENETICS	1	Ph D.
ENTOMOLOGY	1	Ph D
ANIMAL HUSBANDRY	1 1	Ph.D M.Sc., 1 B.Sc.
BACTERIOLOGY (Dairy)	1	Ph D
FIELD CROPS		2 Ph D., 1 M Sc., 1 B Sc.
AGRICULTURE MACHINE ENGINEERING	2	M Sc or B Sc.
HORTICULTURE	2 2	Ph D. M Sc
VEGETABLES	2 1	Ph D M Sc
SOIL	1	Ph D
FORESTRY	1 2 1	Ph D M Sc B Sc
AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS	1	M Sc
SOCIOLOGY	2	Ph D
ISLAMIC SHARIA	3	Ph D
FINANCE	3	Ph D
ECONOMICS	8	Ph D.
HISTORY OF LAW	1	Ph D
ROMAN LAW	1	Ph D.
LABOUR LEGISLATION LAW	1	Ph D
PENAL LAW	1	Ph D
GENERAL INTERNATIONAL LAW	1	Ph D
CIVIL LAW	2	Ph D.
CIVIL & COMMERCIAL PROCEDURE & EXECUTION	1	Ph D
ECONOMIC THEORY	1	Ph D
HISTORY OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT	1	Ph D.
FINANCIAL ECONOMICS & LEGISLATION	1	Ph D
ECONOMIC PLANNING	1	Ph D
DEMOGRAPHY	1	Ph D.
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION	2	Ph D
COMMERCIAL ENGLISH	2	
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS	3	
DROIT PRIVE	3	Ph D
ARABIC RHETORIC & CRITICISM	11	Ph D
QURAN & TRADITION	1	Ph.D
LITERARY CRITICISM (English)	1	Ph D.
ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY	2	Ph D.
PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY	1	Ph D
REGIONAL GEOGRAPHY	1	Ph D
ISLAMIC ARTS	2	Ph D.
SUMARIAN & AKKADIAN LANGUAGE	1	Ph D.
MODERN GOVERNMENTS	1	Ph D
PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION	2	Ph D
ECONOMIC HISTORY	1	Ph D.
ECONOMIC SYSTEMS & DOCTRINES	1	Ph D
ISLAMIC PHILOSOPHY & MODERN PHILOSOPHY	1	Ph D
ANCIENT HISTORY	1	Ph D.
ISLAMIC HISTORY	4	Ph D.
KURDISH LITERATURE	1	Ph D. or M.A.
To be recruited from Leningrad or Harvard if possible.		
KURDISH HISTORY	1	Ph.D. or M.A.
PERSIAN & OLD PEHIEVIAN	1	Ph.D. or M.A.
FRENCH	3	Ph.D. or M.A.
GERMAN	3	Ph D or M.A.
To be of German nationality and teaching in the Goethe method		
ENGLISH LANGUAGE & LITERATURE	18	Ph D or M.A.
RUSSIAN	3	Ph D or M.A
SPANISH	2	Ph D. or M.A
FLOWER MAKING	1	Diploma

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Matron, experienced in nursing/and or housekeeping, reqd for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remun & accomm. Box 3565.

CLUB Leader for Residential Settlement. Neighbourhood work, camping, own canal barge. Scope for initiative and imagination. Apply: Warden, Beauchamp Lodge, 2 Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W2.

LABOUR MP's require fully qualified personal secretary. Box 3587.

PERSONAL Secretary for Director of Medical Research Unit at Hammersmith Hospital. Scope for initiative and responsibility. 3 weeks annual leave. No Saturdays. Detailed application to: Director, MRC, Radiotherapeutic Research Unit, Hammersmith Hospital, London, W12

ROYAL College of Art, Exhibition Road, London, SW7. Applications are invited for the post of Personal Assistant and Secretary to the Principal, Mr Robin Darwin, from women of good education. Applicants must be competent at shorthand and typing. Salary within scale £515 × £25 – £740 p.a., according to qualifications and experience. Application form and details from the Registrar.

EXPERIENCED shorthand-typist for Organising Secretary of Liberal Jewish Synagogue: interesting work, congenial conditions: 5-day week. Apply: 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. (CUN. 5181).

SECRETARY required, near City, early May, new educational service for parents. Good shorthand-typing essential, organising ability and knowledge of education an advantage. No immediate security but good possibilities. £14 p.w. Apply by 12 April. Box 3495.

SHORTHAND/typist required for appeal work Jewish Welfare organisation connected World Refugee Year. Holiday arrangements respected. EUSton 3281.

SECRETARY shorthand/typist over 25 reqd for Jewish Welfare organisation. Good English essential, some knowl. German helpful. Hol. arr. respected. EUS 3979

SECRETARY required by Director of national association dealing with education in industry and commerce. 9.30 to 5.30, no Sats, salary £11. Pleasant offices at Victoria. Write Box 3458.

SHORTHAND-typist for interesting work in small friendly office. Good speeds and accuracy essential. Hours 9-5, no Sats. Starting £9 p.w. Three weeks holiday. Applications to Office Secretary, National Applns to Office Secretary, National Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke St, W1.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff. (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800. 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS. 7379.

SEC. 21/23, intell. & gd mixer, Gramophone Co. W1. £11 10s./£12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

AUTHOR, St John's Wood, reqs part-time Secretary; interested literature. Ring Sybil Topham, Dutton's Agy. MUS. 7379.

ARE you a Shorthand or Copy Typist? If so you can work from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., no Saturdays, for a week or more. Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St, Leicester Square. GER. 3249.

SECRETARY 24/25, educ., with initiative, for well-known Travel Agency NW8. £11, with excel. prospects. No Sats. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

THAT velocity may be relative is 'E.'s' theory, but you can verify that tea, a chat and a job with Winifred Johnson, is absolute. Winifred Johnson (Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1. (Next Gamages). HOL. 0390.

THE Right job for the Right girl. Contact Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1. (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

BAKER Street. Best posts at Aster Agency, 231 Baker St, NW1. WEL. 3582.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOCIALIST, 26, normally chemist, sks interesting position for 8 months, London. £10 p.w. if suitable. Box 3347.

COLLEGE-trained nursery nurse, 21, wishes to have charge of 1 or 2 children in friendly cultured home. PARk 5210.

FRENCH-speaking Sec. s/t., 23, seeks any out-of-the-rut job. Box 3388.

EXPERIENCED secretary with organising ability and a flair for dealing with people (no shorthand) sks interesting post, pref. in social or political field. Top sal. not a prime consideration. Box 3529.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

SCHOOLS—continued

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

ST MARY'S Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, London, NW3. Tel. SWIss Cottage 3391. Small group of boarders accepted from age of 5 in co-ed. day school. (Weekends in country house, Chiltern Hills). Realistic approach to modern Education. Emphasis on English and Mod. languages. E. Paul, Ph.D.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., obtainable from Sec., Wynstones School, Waddon, Glos.

CONSULT the Independent Schools Association Year Book 1960 for full information about some six hundred boarding and day schools in England and Wales for girls and boys. Details of boarding facilities, scholarship examinations, and careers are included. This is the official reference book of the Independent Schools Association Incorporated and is obtainable from A. & C. Black Limited, 4 Soho Square, London, W1 and all booksellers price 16s. (17s. 9d. including postage).

PERSONAL

ON OUR OWN DOORSTEP

Help the National Council for Civil Liberties combat Racial Discrimination and organised incitement in Britain. Membership £1. Write to NCCL, 293 New King's Rd, SW6. RENown 2254.

INDIAN bach., 45, Camb. grad. sks comf. accom. London with cultured family, pref. West End, July. Pl. write: Mathyoo, 224 Lower Cir. Rd, Calcutta 17.

CAN anyone suggest somewhere for intell. 11-yr-old tom-boy girl to go 2 wks Easter, where there is riding? Box 3532

ITALIAN young man, 19, sks temporary home with English family to improve his English and to do any useful work in exchange. Box 3533.

4 respons. Finnish girl ballet studs. sk pleas. economical accom. duration crse 5-31 July. Easy reach WC2. Box 3427.

DANISH Barrister, wife & two yng boys req. furn. London flat for period 28 May to 27 Aug., approx. 6 mile radius West End. Will pay gd rent, or exch. house 6 miles north Copenhagen, nr sea. Box 3482.

YNG man London sks compan. (m) for hol. Arrange by agreement. Box 3345.

TIBET Remembrance Day commemorates the Dalai Lama's safe arrival in India a year ago after his tragic flight from Lhasa. Over 25,000 Tibetans fled from the Chinese Communist terror in Tibet and followed him – too late for help under World Refugee Year plans. Through the Tibet Relief Fund you can give these destitute Tibetans new hope. This Fund is devoted to their education, health, training in their own crafts and the care of their children. Grants have been made to a new Tibetan School in Mussoorie and a Children's Home in Darjeeling. Help us now to multiply our efforts ten-fold by giving generously to the Tibet Relief Fund (Patron the Dalai Lama), The National Bank, 21 Grosvenor Gdns, SW1, or write to the Tibet Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1.

TEENAGERS can have a lovely holiday in France in August, welcoming French youngster in July in exchange. Mrs Robertson, 51 rue de la Harpe, Paris 5è.

OVER-fifties. Small grp music lovers meets wkly, Bayswater. Records, radio, coffee, chat. No subscription. Box 3550.

CHILDREN'S Opera Group. School of Singing. Director, Margaret John, LRAM. Patrons: Astra Desmond, CBE, BA, Hon. RAM, and John Christie, CH. Expert tuition Singing and Dramatic Art. Participation in Productions. Juniors 5-11 years, seniors 12-18 years. Private lessons by arrangement, Sat. classes West End studios. Also, Hampstead Day School, full-time education limited number children 11-16 years. Enqs: 8A Frognal Gardens, NW3. HAM. 8803.

YOUNG man (28) Manchester area seeks companion (m.) hol. abroad. Box 3299.

CONVERSATION Piece! For those of you interested in discussing a variety of subjects with a variety of people, we are organising a holiday in Switzerland for 12 days at a luxury hotel at £29 19s. 6d. inclusive. Purpose? to bring a group of lively minds together in a relaxing atmosphere. Please write, stating dates, to Box 3577.

A PERSONAL Movie of wedding, sports-day, party. 50 ft in colour from £5 complete. Anywhere in Greater London. Planned with you – filmed – titled – supplied on movie viewer. No other equipment required. 3 Daughters Film Unit, 20 Avenue Road, N14.

PERSONAL—continued

EDUCATED German girl (17½), 1 year Domestic Science training, wishes to spend a yr with English family as mother's help to improve Eng. Refs exch. Box 3531.

BABY-sitting & moderate rent offd for two furn. rooms in London. Box 3520.

PRIVATE party by road to Dubrovnik 24 May/13 June. Camping. Hardy travellers only. Box 3522.

CALLING All Esperantists! to the Aldermaston March, under our flag 'Esperanto for Peace'. Urgent! Miss F. Paraige, 10 Woronzow Rd, NW8. PRI. 0441.

REBEL (22), good refs., langs, typing, etc. Ex-schoolteacher, forester, salesman, interpreter, night-club manager, reporter, urgently sks lucrative work. Box 3555.

NURSE, 34, Cent. Scotland, interests: the Arts, hillwalking, travel, wishes meet people similar interests. Box 3492.

MODERN holiday flats on Italian and Spanish coast, sleep 2-8. Moderate terms. PRImrose 9521. Box 3286.

SOUTH of France. 2 seats in Minor convertible leaving London mid-May. Final destination Collioure. Write Box 3414.

HOLLAND. Dutch master of Engl. & wife invite p.g.'s Apr. to Oct in their home in bulb-sea area, dly touring in his car. R. Hinloopen, Delftlaan 339, Haarlem.

MALLORCA. Pte villa with swimming pool, sunbathing enclosure; 15 mins walk centre Palma. Two bus services. Bed 12s. 6d., Contl bkfst & luncheon as reqd. Car avail. Kent, Calle Mas 24, Palma.

THE New Zealand Council for Nuclear Disarmament urges expatriate New Zealanders to support the Aldermaston March. We can't march, but we hope you will. For information contact Miss M. Feld, 11 Larkhall Rise, London, SW4.

RIVIERA Coastal Village: Furn. hse slp 3/4. Vacant 23 Apr.-13 Aug. except June. Hollander, St-Paul (AM), France.

THE Troy Group. Over-30's interested social problems, law reform, are invited to join this new group. Box 3463.

UNDER 30? Want to make new friends? Join the Bloomsbury Coffee Pot & enjoy theatre parties, bridge, tennis, dances, etc. 22 Great Russell Street, WC1.

FAMILIES interested in receiving Continental students as p.g.'s, or on an au pair basis please contact Hosts Au Pair Service, 108 Horseferry Rd, SW1. ABB 6265

DISCUSSION Groups, conferences, theatre, sunbathing, poetry and painting among friendly members of the Progressive League (N3), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

WANTED: Gramophone record 'Beatus Vir' (Vivaldi). Nixa PL 7140. Roberson, 66 Eton Place, NW3.

HAVE you seen Primavera's Spring Collection of Fabrics? They are curtain and upholstery fabrics but smart people love them for summer clothes. Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, open daily, Saturdays 9-1. Also 10 Kings Parade, Cambridge.

M. MORRIS of Matlock. Tel. Matlock 732. Home, Office & Hotel furniture. Calling all NS readers. It will pay you to deal with me. Write for catalogues. If you live near Matlock do call and have a chat with me. If you live in London I can arrange for you to visit showrooms belonging Britain's leading manufacturers. No horrible high pressure salesmen employed here.

DOGS die prematurely from disease or poison, get run over, cause accidents, get lost and stolen. Is your dog safe? Insure your dog with Canine Insurance. Full cover includes veterinary fees and £10,000 Third Party Indemnity. Write today for free brochure. Canine Insurance Assn, 90 Gracechurch St, London, EC3. (established over a quarter of a century).

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

EX-Police Officer (specialist) available tec. adviser T/V, scripts, stories, etc. Write Box 3486.

SPANISH Lady, Diplomée, teaches French and Spanish in Hampstead. Ring PRI. 0514, write Box 3502.

WRITE To Sell – once you Know-How! No Sales – No Fees training shows you how to write what editors buy. Profit also from a free subscription to 'The Writer'. Send for interesting Free N1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (45th Edition). BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PERSONAL—continued

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone French or German, 9 LP records & 2 books, Russian (July) 7 LP records & 2 books £8 11s. post-free. Interpret Holiday Courses French, Italian, Spanish or German 3 LP records & 2 books £3 12s. post-free. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish or German 2 LP records & 3 books 37s. post-free. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley Street, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

WHY waste money and effort on hotels! Take yours with you! Our Raclet French frame tents stow away in the boot of your car; erected to room size in 10 mins. We also stock a fine range of strong, inflatable French boats. Catalogues: Dept NS, Evans & Co. (London) Ltd, 3 Tottenham Street, W1. LANgham 6192.

TO Anthropologists: It should now be obvious that the abandonment of supernatural religion – of idolatries on foundations of belief – marks the end of the long nursery period of the evolution of human understanding. (Query: can the childish-minded women be induced to realise this change? – that it is their responsibility?). The scientific interpretation of future growth leads immediately and definitely to the explanation and abolition of the barbarous antagonisms between the communalist and capitalist nations. These and all racial complexities are natural phenomena within the range of human understanding and control. USA papers please copy.

CHOOSE your hobby from Music, Art, English or Writing. Please state subject in which interested. Brochure Free. Southern Correspondence College, Albion Road, Selsey, Sussex

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

ARTISTS – paintings urgently required for new gallery. Details from BCM/Gallery, London, WC1.

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 months. ACB Ltd, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

TV Needs Scripts. Learn to write drama, comedy, serials. Write: TV Writing School, Dept 172, 14 Sackville St, W1.

MISS Ollivier. Colonic irrigation, stimulating. Open to 7 p.m. MAY. 1085.

4¼% Interest (tax paid) Invest in a Society with a proud policy; loans to owner-occupiers only through The New Homes Building Society, E. Twickenham, Mddx. Chrm: Anthony Marlowe, MP.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

I WRITE speeches, sales letters, books, brochures, technical articles. Box 2353.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e.: Irving Th., Leicester Sq, WC2.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY 6093.

HARPSICHORDS, clavichords, virginals, spinets. Lists, prices. Morley, 4 Belmont Hill, SE13. LEE Green 6151.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

YAS Mina Orphanage, near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by Treasurer, Rt Hon Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquify catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice.—Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

LECTURES, etc.—cond from p.504

WEEKEND Conference on 'Nature Cure in Practice' Margaret Brady, Mary Evans, Michael Fryer, Nina Hosali, Dr Margery Keay, Dr Alan Stoddard, C Donald Wilson, Dr Frank Wokes Film 'No Room for Wild Animals' 22-24 April, Southlands College, Wimbledon Details: Nature Cure Clinic (NS), 13 Oldbury Pl., W1 WEL 2787

'THE Unknown Mind'. Public lecture, 3 April, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD 0688.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL 3351

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10: Vedanta Lectures Write for details

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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LONDON – Evenings, 0-6 years
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This is an official course of
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The Maria Montessori Training
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Tel.: MUSeum 7425.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing Scholarships are awarded Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S Devon

CHINESE Correspondence College: Mandarin, Cantonese, Japanese Crses to BA level Recorded tapes Translation serv Evng classes 13 Park Ave. Nth, London, N8

HOLIDAYS Prepare for them with French, German, Italian, Spanish classes Small groups Lunch-time & evening classes. The Travellers' School of Languages, 35 Endell St, WC2 TEM 2202

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ACTORS, Hear This: In-Stage Workshop offers 12 weeks of Method training under direction of Charles Marowitz. Write, 3 Kent Terrace, NW1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005 All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ Certificates Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by Post for GCE Lond Univ Degrees, Diplomas, Law Profess exams Mod fees Prosp (mention exam.) from E. W Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894)

HOME Preparation for Examinations University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas Low fees Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Complete French Course (2) Basic French for Conversation (3) Translation Courses Send for prospectus, Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2

RUSSIAN Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help. £3 Write Dept VH7. Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894)

ITALIAN and French priv lessons by expd native teachers PARk 5917

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11 PARk 4654

PITMAN'S shorthand, touch-typing. Private tuition. Beginners and Advanced. Kensington. Box 3356.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses Day and Evening Classes Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7 KEN 4771

SHORTHND/Typg priv tuit Mabel Eyles 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11 ENT 3324

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition BAYswater 1786

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Miss Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

RUSSIAN Lessons have started at St Antony's Schl of English Small grps 2s 6d p hr 4 Elvaston Pl, SW7 KEN 0889

EASTER & SUMMER SCHOOLS

University of Birmingham Department
of Extra-Mural Studies

ELEVENTH SUMMER SCHOOL
OF MUSIC

at Attingham Park, Near Shrewsbury.
6-15 August 1960

The theme of the School will be Music, Dance and Theatre, with special reference to seventeenth century England. It is designed to appeal especially to choral singers.

Artists include Michael Tippett and the Deller and Donington Consorts.
Director: Wilfrid Mellers.

Details from The Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University of Birmingham, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3.

LABOUR Party Summer Schools Alice Bacon, MP, Lady Wootton, Morgan Phillips and many other prominent personalities will address the Schools at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, 30 July-27 August Details from Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1

EASTER: Progressive League Conference on 'The Arts'. The Hallams, Nr Shamley Green, Guildford. Thurs. eve 14 Apr to Mon. aft 18 Apr. Speakers: Ayana Deva Angadi on 'Indian Music'; Oswell Blakeston on 'Obscurity in Modern Art'. Films on Slovak Folk Song and Dance, Chinese painting, sculpture, the work of Stanley Spencer, etc. Daily sessions of painting, movement and dance improvisation, country dancing, ballroom dancing, music and poetry or play reading Fee for non-members: £6 10s., to be sent to Mrs Joan Miller, 20 West Hill Way, N20. Phone: HIL. 4624

SEVEN-Day Courses in Dramatic Art, April, July, August One eve. course Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington, Director: Marian Naylor. £9 9s and £6 6s Syllabus from Registrar: Miss O. Symonds, 111 Elmstead Avenue, Wembley Park, Middx

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept., 1960 Daily expeditions with tuition Large studio Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall

SCHOLARSHIPS & STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW
Post-Graduate
Scholarship in Soviet Institutions

Applications are invited for a Post-Graduate Scholarship in Soviet Institutions, tenable for one year. Stipend – £400 – £500, according to qualifications and experience.

Applications (3 copies) should be lodged, not later than 30 April 1960, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ROBERT T. HUTCHESON,
Secretary of University Court

BISHOP'S Stortford College, Herts. Examinations for the award of open Scholarships between the value of £200 and £40 will be held on 26 and 27 May 1960. For boys under 12 on 1 September 1960, English, Arithmetic and General Paper; for boys under 14, usual papers. Three Music Scholarships also available. For particulars apply to the Headmaster.

FILM Studentships, University College London. One or more Studentships (£600 p.a. each), tenable for one session from October 1960, may be awarded to suitably qualified applicants who wish to undertake research in some aspect of the Film Candidates should normally be university graduates. Further information and application forms, which must be returned by 30 April 1960, may be obtained from the Secretary, Slade School of Fine Art, University College London, Gower St, WC1

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

YOUTH House International Community invites applications for residence from persons between 18 and 35. Single rooms Write to the Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, NW1.

NEWLY decorated B/s., share large kit. congenial yng journalist (m.) 5 mins Camberwell Green £2. MAC. 1910.

HAMPSTEAD. 1st flr room, cen. htg, h. & c. basin, excel. food. MAI. 3440.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

BACH. (29) offers congenial chap intd arts share pleas. garden flat, all mod cons., own rm. TV SYD. 5719 aft. 6.30 p.m

SMALL light b/s. Share kit., frig 50s Quiet flat nr Swiss Cott. MAI. 2508

FURN. s/rm, Maida Vale mansion flat. Use k., b., cleaning. CUN 8833.

3-room, newly decorated flat to let Modern, elec., c.h.w., use bath Suit 2 discerning people VAN 1283.

TWO girls req 1 or 2 others to share their large s/c. flat SWI 5034

F. JOSS – who will be abroad for several months – seeks cultured girl to share comfortable centrally-heated flat with his 17½-year-old daughter. Write: Lisa Joss, 5 Corringham Court, NW11.

W. HAMPSTEAD. Lge sunny dble rm, all facs. inc. c.h.w., in yng people's house. 70s. p.w. Morns/evgs. SWI 3099

BRIGHT, cosy, sgle room, mod furn., cent. heat., c.h.w., lux. bathrms adjacent. Linen, service. 4 gns. incl. HAM 0845

GOLDERS Green. Two furnished rooms in modern house Own cooking facilities. Suit single person. £3 p.w. SPE. 7576.

LARGE pleasant flatlet with kitchenette, c.h.w. Quiet, convenient, 15 mins City, West End. Phone ARC. 2497 evenings.

OFF Church St, Ken. Charm. west attic rm. Ent. redec for prof. wom Teacher's flat. 4 gns. Part-use kit. serv. WES 9530

HAM. 3352 for spacious double divan rm, own kit. All facs. NW3. 5 gns.

REGENT'S Park, NW1 Young Humanist (female) to share s/c. flat with 3 others & 2 cats! Box 3547.

WEST Hampstead. Large divan room £4 double or £3 10s. single. Includes gas for cooking. Close bus & tube. Colonial students welcomed. CUN. 0462.

VERY quiet bedsitter Hampstead, gas fire, gas ring, £2 10s. weekly; cheaper if occasional car-ride for invalid lady could be provided. Box 3546.

ATTIC flat. Sgle. Own kit'ette. Share bath 1 other. 3½ gns. PUTney 6615.

GARDEN flat ground fl., furn. 2 b/s., kit., living-rm, bath., w.c. Nr bus/tube. NW5. 6½ gns p.w. Also artist's cott. rural surroundgs nr Hants coast. Slp 7. July 12 gns, Sept. 10 gns. PRI. 2144. Box 3535

DIVAN room with own cooking facilities £2 p.w. Phone CANonbury 2143.

BEAUTIFUL Sq. nr Kings Cross. 2 bedsits. 60s. 50s., flat £5 10s. NOR 5822

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CONGENIAL atmosphere 2 sgle rms. 50s. each. HAM. 8109 after 4 or wkends.

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BEAUTIFUL Isles of Scilly. Perfect beaches, safe bathing, no cars. Two furnished flats to sleep 7 & 9, to let in private house. Hot water, baths, electricity. Sub-tropical garden. Ideal for children, all ages. Vac. May to July. From 18 gns wkly. Write Commander T. M. Dorrien Smith, Tresco Abbey, Isles of Scilly, Cornwall.

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UNIVERSITY graduate (41) desires to share his fine house and grounds by sea (Saltdean, near Brighton) with suitable p.g.'s. Box 3480.

YORKSHIRE Dales: Holiday flats in the heart of Yorkshire's National Park. 2-10 persons, 5-10 guineas week. All mod. cons. Wharfedale Holidays, 8 Willow Grove, Beverley, Yorks.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

FURN./unfurn. accommodation, NW London, wanted. Anglo-Indian mother (29) & baby. Moderate rent. Box 3544.

BACHELOR 31 would like to share small flat in Central London. Box 3512.

AFRICAN graduate reqs at end March furn. flat: 2 rms, kit., bath (or fac. for bath) & phone. Rent about £5 p.w Good refs. Box 3342.

SUITABLE furn accommodation reqd for working mother and daughter of five. LCC area preferred. Box 3528.

YOUNG couple req. reasonable, small, furn. flat. Kitchenette. NW district. From 1st wk April. Ring Leatherhead 2507.

ARTIST, wife, baby, seek rent cottage south coast for July/August. Write Mrs Cameron, 58 Talbot Road, W2.

FURNISHED flat reqd July/August for Canadian prof. man, wife, girl (6), with facilities evening baby-sitter. Easy access to London. Box 3444.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of April Plebs: 'The McCarthy Mystery', by Francis Williams; 'The Defence Arguments', by Arthur Woodburn, MP; 'Mr Priestley's Great Book', by Frank Horrabin; 'A Page of Labour History', 'Alwyn Machen – Miner's Champion' by Vin Williams; 'The Workers – An Independent Force', by J. C. Connell; 'Torture in the Twentieth Century', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Marxism and Darwinism – VI. Natural Law and Social Theory', by Anton Pannekeok; 'Lenin and His Brother', by Andrew Boyd; 'Empireless Norway', by Paul G. Graham; 'This Wicked World'; 'The Cockpit'; NCLC News. Plebs is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year.

'WHICH?' reports on the goods you may want to buy. The reports are based on independent, scientific tests, and are objective and impartial. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association. Annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

COST of a Nuclear Strategy: Housing Shortage. April Labour Research 1s. (1s. 2d. p.f.), 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

STAND – a new literary quarterly, edited by Jon Silkin. Contributors to current issue include Rudolf Nassauer, Watkins, Spalding, John Rex, Ross D. Waller. P.a. 10s., single copy 2s. 6d. Subscriptions and contributions to 144 Otley Road, Leeds 16.

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SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
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1, 9 April	The Merry Widow
2, 5, 8 April	Tosca
6 April	Fidelio
7 April	Cinderella

THEATRES

ARTS TEM 3334 8.0. Thur Sat 5.0 The Admiration of Life Mems.

IN-STAGE: 'Under The Influence' A Variety in the styles of Beckett & Ionesco 'More imaginative work than one finds on most professional London stages', New Statesman Fridays at 8 p.m Admission free 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1 Last 2 perfs.

IRVING, Leicester Square WHI 8657 Glamour and Girls 4th yr Cont Revue From 2.30 Sun 4. Witty & naughty!

TH. Royal, E15 MAR 5973 6 Apr 7.30 Sam, The Highest Jumper of Them All

ROYAL Court SLO 1745 Mon to Fri 7.30 Sats 5.0 & 8.15 Thur 2.30 'The Naming of Murderer's Rock'.

TOWER 7.30 Sun 7.0 1, 2, 3 (mems), 7, 8, 9 Apr.: Thomas Muschamp's 'Bridge of Sighs' - 1959 C H Foyle prizewinner Book now: CAN 3475 (9-6) and CAN 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1

UNITY EUS 5391 Sholem Aleichem's 'The Big Win' First English prod Fri., Sat., Sun 7.45 Mems.

CONCERTS

APOLLO Society Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sun 3 April, 7.45 p.m Margaretta Scott, William Squire (readers) Manoug Parikian (violin) Bach-Milton: Paganini-Hardy Tickets: 10s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WAT 3191) & Agents

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble Last of 6 Bach concerts Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm Sat 9 April, 8.15 WAT 3191

GUITAR Society Recital, Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1 Mon 4 April at 8 p.m Admission 3s. 6d

ST JAMES'S Church, Piccadilly, W1 Tues., 12 April at 7 p.m The Renaissance Singers incl falsetto male sopranos Director: Michael Howard Missa pro Defunctis - Anerio Motets by Palestrina

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE NEW JEWISH SOCIETY
presents its
THIRD ANNUAL DANCE
at the Holborn Assembly Hall, John's Mews, London, WC1 on Saturday 2 April 1960. 8-11.30 p.m. Admn by ticket only or 10s. 6d. at the door
(Buffet included)

ACADEMY Cinema (GER 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m (Ex Suns) The Immortal Land (U) and Greek Sculpture (U)

EVERYMAN HAM 1525 Films by Ingmar Bergman Until 3 Apr.: 'Journey Into Autumn' (X). From 4 Apr.: 'Smiles of a Summer Night' (X)

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

PETER SELF on 'CITIES IN FLOOD'.
FILMS:
'This is the BBC' 'To Live and Learn'.
MISCELLANIES:
'The Race of London' Shakespeare's London'
PIANO DUETS:
Susan Bradshaw and Thea Musgrave.
DANCING
All this at WEA London District Rally, 3-11 p.m., Saturday, 2 April, Bedford College Tickets 5s at door

MCF and CAO presents Africa Freedom Day Concert Sunday, 17 April, 2.30 p.m The Royal Festival Hall (General Manager T E Bean CBE) with Paul Robeson, Kathleen Long, Martin Lawrence, Cwmbach South Wales Miners Choir, Alfie Bass, Robin Hall and Jimmie MacGregor, The Tony Kinsey Quartet, The Merrymakers Leeward Island Steel Band Tickets 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s 6d, 15s., 20s from Festival Hall Bookg Office, Waterloo, SE1

JOSH White, Islington Town Hall, N1 Sat 9 April, 5.30 & 8.15 p.m. Tickets: 10s., 7s 6d., 5s. from Collet's, 70 New Oxford Street (MUS 3224) or by post: Ballads and Blues, 351 Goswell Rd, EC1

PROGRESSIVE League Dance: Sat. 2 April, Fountain Ballroom, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, WC1: 7-9 Country Dancing, 9-11 Ballroom Dancing All welcome Tickets 4s. from Diana Paice, 27b Belsize Square, NW3 (Monthly programme free (s.a.e.))

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1 Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartet, today Sat 2 April, 8-11 p.m Mems 3s., their Guests 5s

EXHIBITIONS

RBA Gallery, Suffolk St, Haymarket
'WORLD WITHOUT WAR'
Opens Tues., 5 April, 2 p.m.
Until 18 April, 10-5 daily.
(closed Suns., Good Friday)
Supported by works of AYRTON, GUTTUSO, HERMAN, PIPER, WEIGHT and many others.
(All works for sale).
Admission 1s.

EPSTEIN Collection of primitive and exotic sculpture Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1 Till 23 April Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat 10-6: Tues., Thurs 10-8 Admission 1s 6d

AMERICAN Ceramic Exhibit USIS Gallery, 41 Grosvenor Sq., W1 Daily 9 a.m.-6 p.m Sat 1-4.30 p.m

ICA. 17 Dover St, W1 West Coast Hard-Edge: 4 abstract classicists from Los Angeles Until 23 April Closed from 15-18 Apr Dly 10-6, Sats 10-1 1s Members free

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1 PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House) New and old paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun

CRANE Kalman Gallery, 178 Brompton Road, SW3 'Soutine and his circle': paintings by Soutine, Kikoine, Kremegne, Mintchine, Chapiro Until 23 April Weekdays 10-7, Sats 10-4

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1 MAYfair 4419 Leonard Wyatt, Gwyneth Johnstone, Mela Spira - Pntgs 21 March-9 April Wkdys 10-6, Sats 10-1

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2 Rawlinson: sculpture, Portway, Adamowicz: paintings Till 14 April 10-6

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1 Alberto Burri First London Exhibition Until 29 Apr Dly 10-5.30 Sat 10-1

KAPLAN Gallery International Choice: Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculpture, 6 Duke Street, St James's

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1 Francis Bacon - Recent Paintings 25 March-22 April Daily 10-5 Sats 10-12.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Drawings and Watercolours of the XIX and XX Centuries. Until 16 April Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. 142 New Bond Street, W1

EXHIBITIONS—continued

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6 MOU 4917 Opening Exhib 2 Sclptrs & 2 Pntrs Laurence Josephs, Paul Hamann, Alfred Harris & Henry Sanders Dly incl Sats 10-5.30 Thurs 10-1

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1 First London Exhibition of Twelve Greek Artists 1960 Hours 10-6, Sats 10-1 Exhibition closes 22 April

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1 Sickert (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1)

TOOTHS: Opening 5 April, 'Paris - Londres' Pictures recently acquired in France by Corot, Morisot, Lepine, Utrillo, Dufy, Segonzac, Picasso, etc Daily 9.30-6 Sats 9.30-1 31 Bruton Street, W1

WADDINGTON Galleries Sculpture Hilary Heron 10-6. Sats 10-1 2 Cork St, W1

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5 Free

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Ida Kar: Portraits of artists in England, France and Soviet Russia, and other photographs Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays Admn free Adjoins Aldgate East Stn

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2 New ptgs Julian Trevelyan Till 28 Apr

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq. W1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CASUALTIES OF THE WELFARE STATE

Speakers: W G FISKE, LCC,
K McDOUGALL,
REG WRIGHT & AUDREY HARVEY

Conway Hall, Wed 13 April, 7.30 p.m

Fabian Society & Central London Fabian Society.

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Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square (Warren Street tube)

Mon 4 April, 7.30 for 8 p.m

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ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Communications' Dr W Ross Ashby, 'Art and Communication Theory', Thurs 7 April, 8.15 Adm 3s., members 1s 6d

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group The Political Novel Orwell, '1984': Graham Martin. 8 p.m., 7 April, Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11 PARk 7696 Fri 1 April, 8 p.m., K A Sedin, Pres Union Soviet Writers & A T Tvardovsky, poet: Questions of Soviet Literature Thurs 7 April, 8 p.m Serge Lifar: 'Pushkin, Sun of Russia'. Sun 10 April, 4 p.m at Inst Français, Queensberry Pl., SW7 Soviet Films, 'Carnival Nights' (sub-titles), 'Ekaterina Voronina' Seats may be res

LONDON Schools Left Club Fri 8 April, 5.30 Africa - Discussion Chairman: Dennis Pombiers At LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1 All school studs welc

'SOCIALISM in 1960', C A R Crosland, MP Fabian Spring Lecture 5 April, 7.15 p.m. Livingstone Hall (near St James's Park Station) Admission 2s 6d

REMINDER! Discussion Courses in Economics and Social Philosophy begin at 177 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, Victoria, SW1, on Tues. & Thurs. 5 & 7 April from 7 to 9 p.m. Fee 5s. Enrol on opening nights For details of classes in other areas 'phone VIC. 4266

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Paddy O'Connor on 'Buses and Busmen'. Wed 6 April, 7.30 p.m. at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1 Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

CAMPAIGN for Nuclear Disarmament. March Saturday, 2 April, from Barnet to Highgate. Leave Hadley Green 11 a.m. Public Meeting - Pond Square 4 p.m.

SOME Aspects of Jewish & Christian Art. (2) Representations of Church & Synagogue Speaker: Mr Lewis Edwards, MA, FSA (with lantern slide illustrations). Chairman: Mr Hugh Harris, MA, B. Litt. Tues., 5 April, 7 p.m King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St, (almost opp Selfridges), Oxford St, W1 All welcome.

THE Forum: Problems of Democracy and Socialism in Asia, Africa and Latin America Next meeting Friday, 8 April, 7.45 p.m at Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1 Hamza Alavi on 'Peasantry and the Social Revolution in India & Pakistan'.

MAPAM Open Forum: Thursday 7 April at 8 p.m at 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Subjects: (a) Ben Gurion's Journey - and what now? introduced by Mr Peretz Merhav; (b) Reflections on British Zionism today (after the Z.F Annual Conference), introduced by Mr I Nathani

PSYCHOLOGY (Practical) & World Philosophy An initial course of ten weekly lectures arranged by the College of Science, Metaphysics & Imaginative Culture, at Conway Hall (North Hall), Red Lion Square, Holborn First lectures, and enrolment, on 5, 12, 22, 26 April at 6.45 p.m The lectures will last 2 to 2½ hours, including discussion periods, and are given by a Research Scientist

'THE Deprived Child' - a talk given by a Child Care Officer New Jewish Society, Simon Marks Room, 108 Baker Street, W1. Wed 6 April at 8 p.m.

'FUTURISM and Contemporary Art', lecture by Maurice de Sausmarez Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (Nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave) Mon 4 Apr 8.30 (arr Finsbury Art Group) Non-members 1s 6d

JAZZ - Two illustrated lectures by Dill Jones (Compere, BBC Jazz Club: Top of the 'Melody Maker' Piano Poll since 1958), at 3 and 5 p.m on Saturday, 2 April 1960, at Goldsmiths' College, Lewisham Way, SE14 (TID 2266) Fee 1s per lecture: tickets in advance, or at the door Further details on application

SUNDAY 3 April, 6.30 p.m at Friends House, Euston Road, NW1 'Christian Faith & Practice' Speaker: Wilfrid E. Littleboy

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1 Public lecture, Wed., 6 April, 6.30: 'Causal Associations', Mrs I Quittner Send 3s for 'The Middle Way' N.B The Society's premises will be closed from 13-24 April inc Information TAT 1313

PERSONALIST Group J B Coates on 'A Defence of Gellner', Conway Hall, Friday, 8 April, 7.30 p.m

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society Today, 2 April, 2.45 Dr Per-Axel Hildeman, 'Sweden', at 39 Priory Road, NW6

S PLACE Ethical Soc Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1 Sun 11 a.m 3 Apr W E Swinton, Ph.D, 'The Phenomenon of Man' (by Père Teilhard de Chardin). Write for Free 'Monthly Record' Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8 Sun., 3 April, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m 'Berlin: the Eagle and the Bear' Nina Spiller

IIWC Publi. Lecture Free C Donald Wilson, 'The Living Soil - Has Your Food its True Flavour?' 8.30 p.m Fri., 8 April 62 Queen's Gdns, W2 PAD 0688

CONWAY Discussions, S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1 Tues., 7.15 p.m 5 Apr Dr Maurice Burton, 'What is "The Balance of Nature"?'

LECTURES, etc.—continued on p.503

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